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The American Mercury

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Max Eastman

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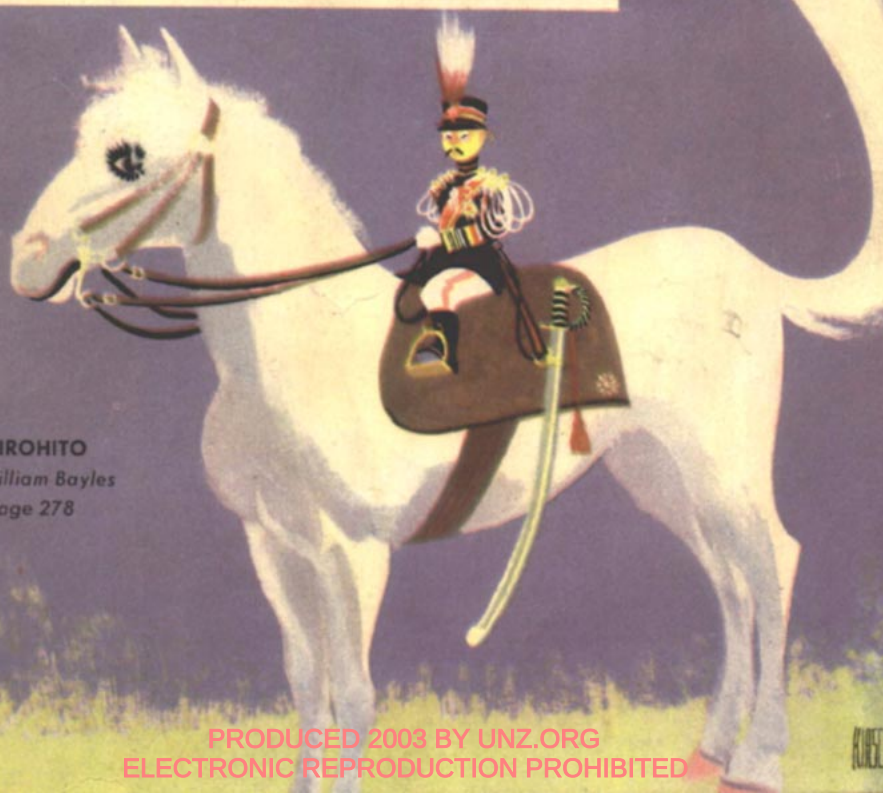
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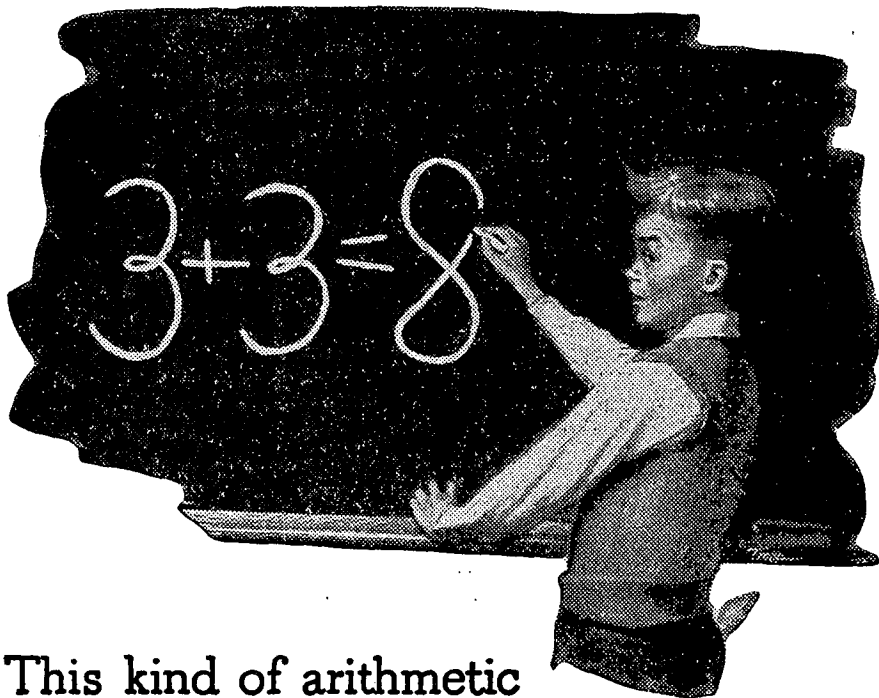
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COVER (Hirohito) by Hirschfeld

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The American MERCURY

BEHIND SOVIET FOREIGN POLICY

BY MAX EASTMAN

OUR statesmen have been following the same policy with Stalin that Chamberlain followed with Hitler. They have ignored his brutally frank programmatic statement to his own disciples of what he intends to do, and run after amiable conferences and diplomatic pronunciamientos in which he might ease their hearts by fooling them into thinking he isn't going to do it.

When he went coolly ahead with his program, they conjured up, for their own comfort, various excuses for him: he was touchy about "security"; he "distrusted America"; he needed oil; he was in the hands of his generals, etc. And when these excuses became patently inadequate, they threw up their hands in bewilderment.

What is — what can be — Russia's foreign policy? Churchill called it "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Joseph P. Kennedy said: "The world policy of Soviet Russia is possibly the most important and surely the most uncertain factor in present international relations." Senator Vandenberg described as "the supreme conundrum of our time" the question: "What is Russia up to now?" No single leader of American opinion, Republican or Democrat, has summoned up the courage to face the perfectly plain facts.

Only a person who is unable to read has any excuse for ignorance — or for the slightest doubt — of what Stalin is up to. It is explicitly written down in a book signed by him, cur-

MAX EASTMAN is the well-known author, translator, editor and poet. A frequent contributor to the *MERCURY* since 1925, he has been since 1941 a roving editor of the *Reader's Digest*. His many books include volumes on the Soviet Union and Communism, verse and literary studies.

rently revised by him, and translated by his authorization into all civilized languages, selling in millions of copies, and adhered to as a textbook and campaign book by his followers in every corner of the globe. It can be read through and digested in one afternoon, and summarized in about ten propositions.

II

Here, in one sentence from Stalin's book, *Problems of Leninism*, is the immutable bedrock of Soviet foreign policy:

It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states — ultimately one or the other must conquer.

Imperialist states means us. And this, mind you, is not something Stalin said in the 1920's, or before the pact with Hitler, or before the war, or last week, or yesterday. It is what he is saying right now in thirty languages to hundreds of millions of people. The book containing this notification of our doom is being currently shipped about our country in an excellent English translation that sells for twenty-five cents a copy.¹ Has Senator Vandenberg or Joseph Kennedy read this book? Has President Truman, has James Byrnes, read it?

The latest Russian edition, approved by Stalin in 1939,² contains

this further statement of basic principle:

The international significance of our revolution lies in this, that it is a beginning in our country of the cracking of the system of imperialism . . . a first step in the world revolution and a powerful base for its further development. . . . What is our country as it builds socialism but a base for the world revolution?

That is Stalin's answer to those *in his own party* who imagine that in purging his old Bolshevik colleagues he abandoned their plan to promote chaos in "bourgeois" nations, engineer the "breakdown of capitalism" and achieve a Communist transformation of the world. He is very happy to have our diplomats believe that legend, but not his followers — they must know the truth.

And they must know that this is going to be a bloody, violent, undemocratic and lawless job. I quote again from *Problems of Leninism*, which, together with Stalin's *History of the Communist Party*, may be described as the Bible, or *Mein Kampf*, of world Communism:

Can such a radical transformation of the old bourgeois system be achieved without a violent revolution, without the dictatorship of the proletariat? Obviously not. . . .

The scientific concept, dictatorship, means nothing more or less than power which directly rests on violence, which is not limited by any laws or restricted by any absolute rules. . . . Dictatorship means unlimited power, resting on violence and not on law.

That, in words quoted as gospel from Lenin, is Stalin's blueprint for

¹ International Publishers, New York City.

² Certain articles and speeches are omitted from each new edition as obsolete, and new ones added.

the future of our country. That, from his own lips, is what he is up to.

And he does not want any confusion about it among his American disciples. He does not want them to take seriously the hocus-pocus about peace and democracy with which he was compelled to propitiate his bourgeois allies during the war. Therefore he has his deputy, Andrei Vishinsky, make a speech recalling these uncompromising texts of Lenin and giving explicit notice that they are still in force. And at the risk of all America's reading it — even, by some prodigious accident, our great diplomats — he has this speech translated into English and published by the Soviet Embassy at Washington. I quote two sentences from the Bulletin of the Soviet Embassy for November 17, 1945:

Lenin purged the teachings of Marx . . . and exposed the sweet-sounding nonsense about a calm and smooth development of bourgeois society into socialism — nonsense to the effect that it is not in the fires of battle, not by means of revolutionary struggle, but in reconciling and smoothing out class contradictions that the socialist transformation of the state is to be effected.

Lenin developed the teachings of Marx on the important question of "smashing the bourgeois state apparatus". . . .

All who know the writings of Lenin understand this phrase "smash the bourgeois state apparatus." It means in our country: take over the United States government offices, and purge from them every official, clerk and clerk's assistant who is loyal to the ideals, or imbued with the habits, of

free enterprise and representative self-government. It means: clean out the buildings at the point of the bayonet, disinfect them of democracy by summary executions and prison-camps, and establish a ruthless one-party totalitarian dictatorship which shall take over and run the industry and commerce of the United States.

III

Notwithstanding this clear warning from the Soviet Embassy as to their own fate, our state officials continue to regard the Soviet Union as a friend of peace and democracy, whose queer behavior we must desperately try to understand. Our scientists continue to demand that we turn over the secret of the atom bomb to Stalin. Our fellow-travelers only insist that, in return for this favor, Stalin agree to accept a loan of six billion dollars payable at his own convenience. For my part, I think the proposal to surrender our most valued military secret to a tyrant openly pledged to the violent overthrow of our government is a proposal of treason. Mr. Baruch's report to the UN committee on this subject can only be explained by a blind ignorance of Stalin's published program. But that ignorance is not excusable. It is a part of the general policy of mollycoddle self-deception which is inviting the destruction of our republic and of free institutions throughout the world.

No man trained in Marxism ever starts anything until the conditions

are ripe. Therefore this blueprint of destruction is not for *immediate* application in the United States. But it is significant that, as long as seventeen years ago, Stalin said:

I think the moment is not far off when a revolutionary crisis will develop in America. And when a revolutionary crisis develops in America, that will be the beginning of the end of world capitalism as a whole.³

What Stalin may think now *about the date* is indeed problematical. Otherwise Russia's foreign policy is so plainly set down in the above quotations that only with an effort of will could one, after reading them, regard it as a conundrum.

The supreme conundrum is: Why does America, with the greatest military, industrial and scientific power that history ever knew or dreamed of, lack the courage to face political facts?

It is indeed painful, when attempting so nobly sensible a reform as an organization to prevent war, to have to recognize that one of the great powers participating has other ends in view. It is the simple truth, however, which Stalin's own words both in his books and in a recent speech confirm. His attitude to reforms in general is stated in *Problems of Leninism* as follows:

To a reformist reforms are everything.
 . . . To a revolutionist, on the contrary
 . . . reforms serve as instruments that
 disintegrate the regime . . . as strongholds

for the further development of the revolutionary movement.

That attitude toward reforms is basic to the whole communist tactic for bringing the "bourgeois" world to chaos and then seizing the power. Until Stalin gives a contrary directive *to his own followers*, we must assume that he regards the UN with the same cynicism with which he regards other reforms. He is using it for purposes of "disintegration" and as a "stronghold for the further development of the revolutionary movement." Here again his acts, so far, bear out his pronouncement. He has practiced what he preached.

The thoughts of our statesmen are so justly concentrated on the supreme issue of world peace that they find it impossible to conceive of any sane man's sabotaging it. They have had no experience of "professional revolutionists." They cannot imagine the state of mind of a fanatic believer in a theory of history and human destiny in which peace talk under capitalism is regarded as hypocritical, and wars as the big moments in the job of revolution. Particularly since the invention of the atom bomb, this passes the stretch of their fancy. It is, however, the state of mind of Stalin, and the state of mind of his trusted lieutenants in all countries. What Stalin thinks about peace treaties has been stated with reckless precision:

Every time treaties are made concerning the realignment of forces for a new war, these treaties are called treaties of peace. Treaties are signed defining the elements

³ Speech to the American Commission of the Praesidium of the Executive Committee of the Communist International, May 6, 1929.

of a future war, and always the signing of these treaties is accompanied with a lot of claptrap about peace.⁴

What Stalin thinks about war he has also clearly stated:

We have an ally, impalpable, impersonal, but in the highest degree important — that is, conflicts and contradictions between capitalist countries. . . . Undoubtedly the greatest support of our power and our revolution is strife, conflict and war among our enemies. These, I repeat, are our greatest ally.⁵

IV

These principles, announced in 1925 when he first took sole leadership of Lenin's party, have been repeated by Stalin again and again, notably in 1934, when he told a congress of the party that:

Things are moving toward a new imperialist war. This war will certainly . . . put in question the very existence of capitalism in a number of countries as did the first imperialist war. . . . Let not the gentlemen of the bourgeoisie blame us if on the morrow of the outbreak of such a war they miss certain of the governments that are near and dear to them, and which today are merrily ruling "by the grace of God". . . .⁶

In 1940, when Molotov presented to the Supreme Soviet the three Baltic Republics in which Stalin had "smashed the bourgeois state appara-

tus" as a result of his pact with Hitler, he sounded, amid thunderous applause, the same note: "The capitalist world will have to shove over a bit and make room!"

Hitler's attack on Russia and the war resulting made no change, of course, in these perspectives. The blandishments of Roosevelt and Churchill dripped back from Stalin like ripples from a rock. While palavering with them in the language of democratic idealism, he was preparing, in the spirit of "Marxism-Leninism," to gather in the harvest of another war. His *History of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union*, of which twenty million copies were distributed before the war, has just been reissued to the number of eleven million and is soon to appear as Volume XV of his *Collected Works*. In it every politically conscious person in the Soviet Union will read the story of how Stalin, the hero of the revolution, held out against "spies, wreckers and traitors" for the true policies of Lenin: socialism in one country *and* world revolution. They will read how, under Stalin's leadership, the party explained the relation between these two policies. It explained that:

The victory of socialism in the USSR, as expressed in the abolition of the capitalist economic system . . . could not be considered a *final* victory, inasmuch as the danger of foreign armed intervention and of attempts to restore capitalism had not been eliminated. . . . To destroy the danger of foreign capitalist intervention, the capitalist encirclement would have to be destroyed. . . . It followed from this

⁴ Fourteenth Congress All-Union Communist Party, December 1925, Stenographic Report, p. 15.

⁵ Thirteenth Conference of the Communist Party of Moscow Gubernia, 1925.

⁶ Stalin: Report to the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, 1934.

that the victory of the proletarian revolution in the capitalist countries was a matter of vital concern to the working people of the USSR.

Thirty-one million copies of this — one for each literate family in the Soviet Union!⁷ But our statesmen continue to kid themselves that the USSR is joining the capitalist nations in a sincere effort to tranquilize the world. They were astonished when on February 9, 1946, in the midst of their supposedly cooperative effort to prevent wars, Stalin calmly announced in a speech to his own people that “under a capitalist system of world economy” wars are unpreventable.

Carefully reminding them that he was still a “Marxist” (a fact that had got lost to view in the peace-and-democracy hocus-pocus), he explained, in straight, unaltered, unqualified Marxian terms the inevitability of wars under capitalism:

“It would be wrong to think,” he said, “that the Second World War was a result of the mistakes of any particular statesman. . . .” (From Hitler to Roosevelt, in other words, they were all equally guilty — or not guilty.) “Actually the war was an inevitable result of the development of world economic and political forces on the basis of monopoly capitalism.” And so long as capitalism lasted, Stalin continued, this would happen periodically — the competition for

markets and raw materials would result in “the splitting of the capitalist world into two camps and war between them.” With that by way of introduction, Stalin based his essential program for a fifteen-year development of the Soviet economy, not on the UN — not a word about it — but on the prospect of another war.

V

That Stalin wants peace with the great powers for the immediate future, and must have it, is too obvious to mention. But it takes a master of fatuous self-deception to go on believing, after this rude dogmatic declaration to the contrary, that he takes seriously the effort of the UN to make future wars impossible.

It must stand clear in Stalin’s mind that only two great capitalist powers have survived the recent war. The “two armed camps” into which he sees the capitalist world dividing for the next war can only be captained by Great Britain and the United States. Russia’s diplomacy, so long as it rests on Stalin’s Marxism, will have that eventuality constantly in mind. And astute statesmen, both American and British, will as constantly remember that Stalin’s “ally” throughout this development, whatever his temporary maneuvers, is neither of these nations; but the *conflict between them*. Today the only Western statesman who seems fully to realize this is Winston Churchill, but I believe it will gradually sink home to others who are aware

⁷ The figures were printed in the *Bolshevik*, theoretical organ of the Russian Communist party, for December 1945.

of the peril of democratic civilization.

With their notion that they are "mediating" between the old-time national ambitions of Russia and England, our diplomats are playing into the hands of the world Communist revolution. They are abandoning the field to Stalin's superior and more cynical understanding. Every check we place upon England's power is a gain for a totalitarian world order. Not only in the lines I quoted, but in many others, Stalin has described both England and America, together with other democratic powers, as "our enemies." He will probably try to knock off the weaker and more troubled of these enemies first. He will favor the United States as against the British Empire, but only because (and in so far as) that is the expedient order in which to take over the "decaying" capitalist world.

Stalin's position, then, far from being a "supreme conundrum," is supremely clear. He regards the present situation, which we call peace, as an armed truce between the Soviet dictatorship and its "enemies," the Western democracies. In that truce he will jockey for every position, both within our country and without, which may enable him and his disciples or their successors, when the hour strikes, to overthrow our government and establish a dictatorship here. In jockeying for these advantages he will say anything, sign anything and "collaborate" on anything that our statesmen may put forward to shield their own minds from truth.

This is the way any tough fighter behaves toward an enemy against whom he considers himself at war, and is no particular comment on the character of Stalin. The character of Stalin is worth studying, but a more important study for our statesmen is the doctrine of historic evolution in which he believes. Stalin has often avowed himself "an obedient pupil" of Lenin, and it is no accident that the book which constitutes the main Bible of his party is a book about Leninism. Lenin taught Stalin to speak of capitalist or "imperialist" nations as "enemies," and Lenin advocated dishonesty in dealing with an enemy as explicitly as Hitler ever did, or Machiavelli.

"We must be ready," Lenin said, "for trickery, deceit, lawbreaking, withholding and concealing truth."⁸

And again: "We can and must write . . . in a language which sows among the masses hate, revulsion, scorn and the like toward those of different thought."⁹

This thoroughgoing belief in war and *the morals of war* as the method of progress was instilled in Stalin from early youth. From the days when he robbed banks for the Bolshevik party to this day, when he steals chunks from the capitalist world on the plea of "security" or "distrust of the war-mongers," he has been guided by Lenin's subordination of moral prin-

⁸ *The Infantile Disease of Leftism in Communism*. In the American translation "trickery and deceit" were changed to "strategy and adroitness," "withholding and concealing truth" to "reticence and subterfuge."

⁹ *Krassnaya Letopis* No. 7, Leningrad 1923, p. 233.

ciple to the principle of expediency in the grab for power.

It has so far been expedient for the Soviet Union to honor business contracts with capitalist nations, and her conduct in this respect has been exemplary. It has been inexpedient to honor treaties with weaker nations, and in this respect the Soviet Union has the worst record in history. As Julius Epstein demonstrated in the *New Leader* for December 29, 1945, Stalin's government has violated treaties at the rate of one every three months for the last six years.¹⁰ We can afford, I suppose, to ignore any particular one, or perhaps all, of these violations. But we cannot afford to ignore the principle on which they rest: namely, that the Soviet Union is in a state of war, overt or latent, with the whole capitalist world, and that it enters into treaty relations with the capitalist nations, whether jointly or severally, only for the purpose of their destruction.

If Stalin "distrusts America," it is that peculiar distrust described in the Book of Proverbs: "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Stalin distrusts the miracle of our gullibility. He doubts whether we will continue forever to deceive ourselves about his policies, or pretend there is something enigmatic about them. He fears we will turn the page some fine day from his diplomatic promises and manifestoes as a war leader of the

United Nations to his speeches and writings as a totalitarian Marxist—his *instructions* to his followers on whom he relies for the achievement of his ends. When that time comes, he dreads lest we repeat after him and his teacher, Lenin: "It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialist states." Or in words whose rhythm is more familiar to our ears: "The world cannot long survive half totalitarian and half free."

VI

There is only one way to avoid the war that is latent in these facts. It cannot be done by appeasement. Even without a philosophy of world revolution, dictatorships are unappeasable, for they are held together by a passion for power. You make one concession, and they take it and demand more. You make another, and they take that. You make another, and they take that, and so on until you have to fight a war for survival. We have seen this happen in Hitler's case, and we have paid the cost. Let us not repeat that fatal mistake.

To avoid war with Russia we must substitute for the policy of self-deceit and appeasement a brave facing of the facts and an all-out effort by every other means in our power to defeat the spread of the totalitarian system. We must stand as staunchly and astutely for democracy as Stalin does for totalitarian revolution. We

¹⁰ See also Michael Florinsky: "The Soviet Union and International Agreements," in the *Political Science Quarterly*, March 1946.

must oppose aggressions at their beginning and by concerted action of the democratic forces. We must support by bread, machinery and credits, and by inflexible loyalty, within the UN and without, all nations and all groups who are trying to establish or maintain a system of life and government based on freedom.

We must support them with truth also, damming the flood of totalitarian propaganda by open publication of those exact reports on Communist

activities and the ruses of Soviet domination that are locked in the files of our pussyfooting State Department. We must take the position and speak the words that are expected of us by the silenced opposition in the totalitarian countries, who far outnumber the noisy advocates of "Communism" among us.

These are the ways — there is no softer way — to preserve peace while the issue is being settled between freedom for the world and tyranny.



THE PROSTITUTION RACKET IS BACK

BY ALBERT DEUTSCH

THE prostitution racket, which suffered its heaviest setback during World War II, is showing alarming signs of a big postwar comeback. Experts and agencies concerned with organized vice have sounded sharp warning of a potential record-breaking boom in this racket. No responsible parent, no citizen or official concerned with clean government, can afford to ignore that warning.

What happens when prostitution is allowed to run riot was revealed in July when United States Army officers announced that the venereal-disease rate among American occupation troops in Germany had risen from the figure of about seven per cent annually at the end of hostilities to more than twenty-six per cent. Some American-occupied areas reported rates as high as fifty-five per cent. The demoralized German *Maedchen*, in the almost total absence of a vice-repression program, were inflicting more casualties on our troops than the armed hordes of Hitler.

The same sort of thing can happen here. American sex exploiters, forced

underground by a vigorous wartime drive against prostitution, are emerging again. Their plans for renewed activity are based on a shrewd appraisal of various social, economic and moral factors in this unstable period. Health officials and civic-minded people, remembering the sharp rise in prostitution and venereal disease that followed the last postwar let-down, are worried. They sense a widespread feeling of "busting loose" after the tense war years.

The American Social Hygiene Association conducts a periodic survey of prostitution in 1170 representative American towns, rating them as good, fair, poor and bad. Its latest survey, completed in June, reveals that "bad" towns have multiplied more than fourfold since January 1945 — from four per cent of all towns surveyed to more than sixteen per cent. Federal Security Administrator Watson B. Miller recently estimated that of every four communities which had padlocked houses of prostitution as a wartime measure, one has allowed them to reopen since V-J Day. Rep.

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Frances Bolton of Ohio told Congress on July 15 that red-light districts had been restored in at least fifty cities where they had been shut down during the war.

Yet, the very next day, the House of Representatives voted down Mrs. Bolton's bill which would have given permanent status to the wartime Federal Social Protection Division, which had done outstanding work in stimulating state and local drives against organized prostitution. These drives were a vital factor in holding down the wartime venereal disease rate among military personnel in domestic stations. Mrs. Bolton's bill had previously been passed without dissent in the Senate. The economy bloc responsible for killing this Federal agency saved the country an estimated \$500,000 in annual appropriations. The consequences in terms of spreading venereal disease and community corruption are yet to be measured. Health experts throughout the nation have been freely predicting an epidemic of venereal disease if wartime controls were lifted.

II

ORGANIZED prostitution is more than a mere health menace. It is a corrupting and corrosive evil that destroys individuals and poisons whole communities. It reaches into many American homes for its victims. No economic class or social group is immune from its threat. People who think of the prostitution racket as something

operating in "another world" from their own are indulging in a dangerous delusion.

Saginaw, Michigan, was a wide-open town through the early years of the war. One day, five high school boys were found among the patrons of a brothel. Only then was action taken. The local ministerial association spearheaded a public drive that closed the town down tight. Recent reports from that area indicate that the prostitution interests are now sneaking back into renewed activity.

Often unsuspecting citizens are shocked by a bizarre incident into recognition of a long-existing evil. Here is what happened recently in Springfield, Illinois. A fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, her face flushed with anger, stomped into a local police station to tell the police she had been cheated of half her night's "wages" by an unfair "employer." She demanded police help in recovering her earnings. Under questioning, the girl revealed the details. She had struck up an acquaintance with a dance-band musician. After a few dates, her "friend" placed her in a certain house, where she entertained a number of male customers. At the promised rate she had figured her earnings would be forty dollars. But when she approached the "madam," she was handed only half that amount. The naïve schoolgirl then rushed to the police with her indignant complaint.

The police raided that brothel and arrested its inmates. The musician skipped town. An aroused and shocked

public opinion galvanized police officials out of their previous tolerant attitude. Other vice dens were raided and closed down. Springfield became for a while relatively free of organized prostitution, thanks to a teen-ager's ignorance of the rules of the game. Righteous indignation appears to be wearing off again, however; Springfield is reported to be slipping back into tolerance of vice.

Dr. Walter Clarke, executive of the American Social Hygiene Association, who has been fighting the prostitution racket for years, not as a blue-nose reformer but as a hard-headed medical man, has this to say about the ramifications of organized prostitution:

No decent, self-respecting family or business desires to be housed close to brothels or other rendezvous of prostitutes, their customers and their parasitic train of exploiters. In some cities, property owners themselves have forced such dives to move out of business. But, often, respectable owners of dilapidated properties have profited by collecting exorbitant rents for allowing an illegal, degrading and disease-spreading traffic to be carried on in their premises while the owners averted their eyes.

Too often, poverty-stricken families, colored or white, have been obliged to rear children surrounded by underworld vice, crime and disease. If such children have become juvenile delinquents and have later found a place in the sordid life of their environment, it is scarcely surprising. In fact, countless case histories are on record telling precisely this type of story. Pernicious men and women associated with the prostitution racket are persistently searching for just such young people — or any other who can be persuaded to enter prostitution as a means of making "easy money."

In short, there is no such thing as "segregated prostitution." Tolerated anywhere in a community, its influence insidiously pervades the entire area. "Red-light districts" which are set aside for quasi-regulated and tolerated houses of prostitution do not diminish unregulated vice. Indeed, repeated surveys show that "free-lance" prostitutes tend to flock to red-light districts.

III

PROMOTERS of commercialized prostitution look to two main sources for replenishing their "stables" or "strings" of girls: pre-war prostitutes who went into war work or were scared out of the profession when the wartime heat was turned on; and the so-called "victory girls," promiscuous amateurs who may be tempted into the racket by promises of pay for the favors they formerly gave freely.

Prostitution rarely entails a transaction merely between two people. More often the prostitute herself is but one cog in a complex business machine. It is amazing how many "third party" interests profit from the sale of the prostitute's wares. The accepted legal definition of prostitution is "the giving of the body for sexual intercourse *for hire*." Prostitution becomes "commercialized" or "organized" when third parties or agents promote the sale and participate in the profits.

"Practically all prostitution is commercialized," Dr. Clarke says,

"whether the individual woman or girl who sells her body operates in a brothel or solicits her customers on the streets or in taverns, or is a 'call girl' who goes on telephoned instructions to a hotel or elsewhere for sexual intercourse for pay. In any case there are facilitators, landladies, protectors, unscrupulous doctors, lawyers or police officials who exploit her 'services' and take a large share of her earnings."

Prostitutes rarely get rich. Indeed, they probably represent the most exploited group in society. There is little left for the prostitute after the profits are split with all the leeches and parasites who fasten themselves on the racket. Studies made by the American Social Hygiene Association over a period of years reveal how the "prostitution dollar" is divided:

Brothel keeper's share (part of which is paid out for "protection").....	50 cents
Share of "pimp" or manager...	20 cents
Room and board for brothel keeper.....	8 cents
Periodic examinations for venereal disease.....	2 cents
Prostitute's share.....	20 cents

Too many Americans fail to realize the extent to which prostitution corrupts community life. A report issued jointly by the Public Health Service, the American Social Hygiene Association and the Social Protection Division offers a partial list of the host of parasites who feed on prostitution. Their "take" runs all the way from a few dollars to big money.

Landlords or madams exact excessive rents from prostitutes for the

right to operate on their premises. Go-betweens — who may be bellboys, waiters, taxi-drivers, elevator-operators, etc. — get a cut for bringing in customers. Many prostitutes have pimps, men who first lure girls into the business and then act as business managers, protectors and salesmen. These men get a big share of the profits of prostitution. Shyster lawyers must be paid to keep prostitutes out of jail, since incarceration interrupts business and profits. Shady bondsmen must be paid for putting up bail. The prostitute or her "protectors" must pay policemen and others to ignore her activities. Sometimes politicians, high and low, are paid for protection. Even so melaunders, caterers, furniture and clothing dealers overcharge the prostitute.

Organized society itself, according to the health experts' statement, "is guilty when a system of routine fines is accepted as a left-handed way of 'licensing' prostitutes. It is a shocking situation when a community is willing to profit from the sale of women's bodies." Dr. Clarke, elaborating on this point, says that in some American cities, a system of periodic fines ranging from twenty-five to a thousand dollars a month, paid into the city treasury through the courts, places the city government in partnership with the illegal prostitution racket.

It is estimated that from eighty to ninety percent of all professional prostitutes get infected with syphilis, gonorrhea or both in the course of their careers. Quack doctors often

charge exorbitant fees for furnishing prostitutes with so-called medical certificates that give them a false bill of health. Many unsuspecting customers have been lured to the shoals of venereal disease by faith in such certificates. The American Medical Association has stated officially that "medical inspection of prostitutes is untrustworthy, inefficient, gives a false sense of security and fails to prevent the spread of infection."

The A.M.A. has denounced all doctors who knowingly examine prostitutes for the purpose of giving them medical certificates that might be used in soliciting trade. One prostitute was recently discovered with a framed card prominently displayed on the wall of her room, showing the dates of her visits to a health clinic for treatment of a venereal infection. She palmed this card off on her customers as a health certificate — explaining that each visit was for the purpose of *preventing* instead of treating venereal disease!

IV

WORLD WAR II witnessed the most determined nationwide drive on prostitution in American history. It was a coordinated drive undertaken mainly as a measure to protect the health of military personnel and war-industry workers against the menace of venereal disease. Federal, state and local agencies, plus voluntary agencies, joined forces. Passage by Congress of the May Act in 1941, making prostitu-

tion a Federal offense in designated areas around military camps, was a heavy blow to the sex exploiters. Vice racketeers feared the "Feds" as they did no other law-enforcing agency. They knew that if action came, it would come swiftly and that the penalty would be severe.

The patriotic response to the war emergency aroused many law-enforcement officials to crack down on hitherto tolerated prostitution activities. The local judge in one wide-open Western town, in a desire to protect military personnel in the area, walked into known brothels, calmly informed the inmates that they had twenty-four hours to get out of town, and gallantly offered to raise free passage back home for all unable to pay their own fares.

Red-light districts were shut down in 715 American cities during the war. In town after town the racket was made unsafe and unprofitable. Thousands of prostitutes were driven into other ways of earning a living. Their parasitical exploiters were in many instances forced to suspend their illegal activities or else go into less perilous rackets such as slot-machine, pinball and other gaming operations. Vice rings of long standing fell apart. Before the war seventy-five per cent of all VD infections had been traceable to prostitutes; after the nationwide campaign this percentage dropped to twenty.

Mayor Harry P. Cain of Tacoma, Washington, in recent testimony before a congressional committee, listed

his city's wartime accomplishments in stamping out the racket:

1. Assembly-line prostitution was put out of business.
2. Crooked politicians, procurers and other middlemen of vice were separated from their source of profits.
3. Rehabilitation of prostitutes was made possible.
4. Intense police harassment made prostitution so costly and precarious an enterprise that the price was raised from two dollars to ten dollars, reducing the prospective customers.
5. An educational campaign helped eliminate much ignorance and prejudice from community thinking on the subject.
6. The venereal disease rate was lowered. In 1940, before the campaign, the VD rate in nearby Fort Lewis, with 10,000 soldiers, was ten times as high as the rate after the clean-up, when 80,000 men were stationed there.

V

BUT V-E Day and V-J Day were followed by a decided general let-down and a weakening of the wartime barriers set up against the prostitution racket. Vice interests resumed old ties. They stirred up demands for a return to the "good old days."

A recent statement by the International Association of Police Chiefs warned: "There is every reason to believe that the racketeers and gangsters who controlled the prostitution racket before the war are now making postwar plans to renew their activities." Investigators of the American Social Hygiene Association report that in nearly every prewar center of

prostitution activity, former brothel operators are reconverting their abandoned premises to prewar uses. And as one old Midwest vice promoter puts it: "Now that the war's over the signal will be given again. A lot of big shots lost a big take when the joints had to close."

In many cities, however, the defenses against a postwar prostitution comeback are holding firm thus far. Oddly enough, large cities, traditionally regarded as the principal centers of vice activity, are showing the best record in keeping the lid down. The line is sagging and breaking mainly in the small and middle-sized towns. The little town of Winnemucca, Nevada, is an example of official resumption of prewar red-light districts. Last November, the town council amended its wartime anti-prostitution ordinance as follows: "The terms and provisions of this ordinance shall not apply to any place, structure or building, or to any person therein . . . in Block 40 or 41 of the Riverside Addition to the City of Winnemucca." Thus was one red-light district reborn.

Sex exploiters seeking postwar markets have tirelessly spread rumors that returning veterans would commit wholesale rape and seduction on the daughters of respectable families unless packs of prostitutes were thrown to them. This sort of rumor is a variation of the timeworn argument that prostitution is a "necessary evil" to appease footloose males who would otherwise force their attentions on "nice girls." Another shopworn argument dusted

off for postwar use is the one which argues that "worldly-wise prostitutes know how to keep clean, and therefore protect men against venereal infection resulting from contact with ignorant amateurs."

Several years ago the city of Vancouver in Canada closed down its red-light district and otherwise repressed prostitution. A study was then made of the impact of this step on rape statistics and venereal-disease rates. It was found that there was no rise in rape, and the venereal-disease rate showed a steep downward spiral. The same absence of mass rape and a decrease in VD has been noted in all other places where commercialized prostitution has been repressed.

A recent statement by the National Sheriffs' Association is worth quoting in this connection: "The theory that prostitution is a 'necessary evil' has been promoted by vice racketeers to keep themselves in business. When panders, madams and property owners who exploit the girls and their customers are put out of business, both the false theory and the unsavory racket disappear. The sheriffs of the nation recognize prostitution for what it is—a filthy, money-making racket. They are determined to help wipe it out with every resource at their command."

A mayor of a Midwestern town recently was visited by a delegation with the request that he reopen a red-light district closed during the war. He told them: "Gentlemen, I'll reopen that district if you permit your own daugh-

ters to staff the houses. Somebody's daughters would have to be placed there. I don't want the personnel recruitment on my conscience." The delegation left in silence.

The chief of the vice squad in Houston, Texas, makes this comment on the problem of keeping prostitution repressed in this postwar period: "The shysters, the pimps, the madams, prostitutes, promoters, shady real estate owners and the whole rotten gang, plus their respectable front men, are the only ones we hear from. The decent public doesn't know we exist, and all the pressure we get is from the underworld."

VI

THE nation's public health experts are deeply troubled by this postwar prostitution menace. They see in its expansion a powerful stimulus to the spread of venereal disease, which has already reached near-epidemic proportions in many parts of the country.

The venereal disease rate has tripled among Army personnel since V-E Day; it has quadrupled in the Navy. The New York City Health Department recently reported that cases of early syphilis among youngsters aged fifteen to nineteen years has multiplied sixfold since the prewar period.

These health experts warn that rapid penicillin and sulfa-drug cures of syphilis and gonorrhea have created a false sense of security, caused a general relaxation in protective measures against VD and made it more difficult

for officials to combat prostitution and sex delinquency. They point out that penicillin may cure venereal disease, but it can't prevent infection and it is too early to assay possible damage from the ravages of repeated infections, even if quickly cleared up.

Health protection is but one of

many reasons why the prostitution racket must be rigorously repressed in peace as in war. Prostitution exploits human beings. It undermines families. It breeds parasites. It spreads official corruption. No healthy, civilized community can afford to tolerate prostitution in any of its forms.



Advice to Young Writers —

He that will write well in any tongue must follow this counsel of Aristotle: to speak as the common people do, to think as wise men do.

— ROGER ASCHAM: *Toxiphilus*

Whatever is translatable into other and simpler words of the same language, without loss of sense or dignity, is bad.

— S. T. COLERIDGE: *Biographia Literaria*

Write without pay until somebody offers pay. If nobody offers within three years the candidate may look upon this circumstance with the most implicit confidence as the sign that sawing wood is what he was intended for.

— S. L. CLEMENS: *A General Reply*

In composing, as a general rule, run your pen through every other word you have written; you have no idea what vigor it will give your style.

— SYDNEY SMITH, quoted in *Lady Holland's Memoir*

Nobody can write the life of a man, but those who have eat and drunk and lived in social intercourse with him.

— SAMUEL JOHNSON, quoted in Boswell's *Life*

Writing, when properly managed (as you may be sure I think mine is) is but a different name for conversation.

— LAURENCE STERNE: *Tristram Shandy*

HIROHITO

BY WILLIAM BAYLES

GENERAL MACARTHUR once remarked, "The Emperor eats out of my hand." The Son of Heaven could say with equal justification, "I have MacArthur in my pocket." Of course, MacArthur could have Hirohito indicted as a war criminal, but then he would have to face the consequences. He knows that he is able to maintain a shoestring occupation in Japan only because the Emperor is willing to have him there. At a word from the little man whom all the Japanese regard as father, the members of the imperial fighting forces, who outnumber the Americans at least a thousand to one in practically any part of the country, would promptly set out to annihilate the occupation forces. Most of the Emperor's troops are back at home now, many are still in uniform and only partially disarmed, and the majority of them — crack divisions stationed in the home islands to resist invasion, and the armies in Manchuria, China, Formosa and Korea — have never fought against Americans and feel no sense of defeat. They abandoned rich

conquests and accepted the occupation because the Emperor asked them to, because they believe he alone knows what is best for Japan and the Japanese.

The Emperor-Father of all the Japanese is the keystone of Japan's political-social structure. Other elements in the apparently fragile but actually well-balanced and therefore firm edifice are the aristocracy, army and navy chiefs, police force and *zaibatsu* or industrialists. Since the beginning of the occupation a shadow play has been in progress in which these groups play the villains' parts, but because they are the pillars of the Japanese state, MacArthur cannot dislodge them without risking total collapse. Firmly entrenched in the mind of the general and his advisers is the conviction that Japan must be preserved as an Asiatic bulwark against Communism. That is the reason why the general has frequently repeated, "I am not concerned with how to keep Japan down but how to get her on her feet again." That is why MacArthur is directing in his magnificent

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way a restoration of Japan, including bad as well as good elements. Japanese generals and admirals have retired quietly to the country, American police experts have been imported to help the very competent and generally feared Japanese police to cope with the complications of life under occupation, and the factories of Mitsui and Mitsubishi, largely inactive because raw materials are unavailable, are being reconditioned. A mild attack on the Japanese aristocracy (intended for the benefit of the American reading public) resulted in such a flood of resignations of titles that the MacArthur headquarters was thrown into a mild panic lest the entire aristocratic system commit hara-kiri and leave a dangerous vacuum which might suck in Communism.

If these reasons do not justify, they at least explain the tremendous build-up the Emperor was enjoying in the American press and newsreels some months ago. Western publicity practices have been employed to popularize him, to alter him from the insidious little warlord of a year ago into a silly little democrat oozing ignorance and good intentions. In Tokyo, the American ballyhoo for the Emperor is so loud and crass that the Japanese are embarrassed. They wish MacArthur would call off his noisy drum-beaters and let their ruler live as he has always lived — as a shrewd little demigod sitting in a big palace surrounded by trees, guard towers, a high wall and a wide moat. To these impediments has been added an

American touch: MPs in white gaiters and the snappiest creases in the U. S. Army now guard the imperial gates.

II

One of the things that impressed me most in Japan was the incredible power the Emperor wields over the Japanese, a power impressively demonstrated by their surrender. His strength, Japanese philosophers explain, is rooted in the patriarchic system. He is the father of his people, and the father complex runs through every organization in the country. Army generals are, so to speak, sons of the Emperor, the lesser officers are sons of the generals, and the soldiers have a filial relationship with the captains and lieutenants. But the Emperor is “top father” and all authority descends from him. An officer’s command is obeyed because he is part of the patriarchic system and his wishes are automatically those of the Emperor. This same attitude exists in civilian fields, but it is strongest in the armed forces. It results in an impressive humility and simplicity in relationships among Japanese.

This does not mean that anyone could get away with anything merely by claiming that he was carrying out the Emperor’s wishes. A Japanese colonel told me recently about a serious situation that arose during the fighting in New Guinea as a result of brass hat incompetence in Tokyo. Ignorant of local conditions and the supply situation, the desk warlords were demanding obviously impossible

performances, and when field officers attempted to carry out their orders, the men frequently mutinied and shot their commanders.

"But," I asked, "isn't mutiny a direct affront to the Emperor?"

"Not if it is justified," the colonel explained. "The wish of the Emperor is well known to all his soldiers, and an officer who does not properly carry out the Emperor's wish is a bad officer and deserves death."

The Japanese do not call Hirohito by name, and invariably they seemed to cringe when we did. They call him *O Tenshi samma*, meaning Son of Heaven, or just *Tenno*, meaning about the same thing. More than anything else, they all want to have a look at him, but when he goes by, they all bow so low that they can't see him. A Kyoto Imperial University professor told me that he would love to look into the Emperor's face and see what feelings were expressed there, but that he would never dare to look.

To the Japanese, Hirohito is both pope and king, but he is most decidedly not a god in the sense in which he has been portrayed and explained in the Western world. His public statement, "I am not a god," was meant for Western consumption only and was the result of some amazing scheming by MacArthur's inscrutable brain trust. It was decided at headquarters that the democratization of Hirohito required his broadcasting such a statement. Astonished, his counselors advised headquarters that no Japanese thought the Emperor was a god. Still

greater astonishment enveloped the Japanese when they were informed that the statement was not intended for the Japanese but was for the benefit of the American public. Finally the Emperor agreed to humiliate himself and made the statement. Then he asked to see newspaper clippings and a report on the American reaction to his statement. After perusing the material sent to the palace, he is reported to have expressed the opinion that the embarrassment had been worthwhile since it had brought enlightenment to so many Americans.

In Tokyo I observed one indication of the relative positions he and the atomic bomb hold in the Japanese mind. An organization calling itself "Society for International Friendship through Language" had installed a large billboard on a street corner with questions and answers in Japanese and English. First question: "Who is world's most awesome personage?" Answer: "His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Hirohito." Second question: "Who is world's most powerful being?" Answer: "Atomic bomb."

While according him full reverence as their spiritual and secular leader, the Japanese also think of him as a very worldly little fellow, full of human inclinations. It is an open bit of gossip that he has a lady friend in Formosa who used to visit him before the war. On his world tour some years ago he slipped away from his guards and had a night out in Paris with a couple of aristocratic pals. It was apparently a very mild night out, with

nothing much in the way of sin except a little wine and a tour of cafés, but the Japanese still talk about it with a kind of naughty glee, and they say that Hirohito often mentions it in conversations with close companions.

His publicized hobby is marine biology, but he has a second hobby that amuses him more. It is clock collecting and repairing. He has one of the world's most valuable collections of clocks and watches, and he repairs and oils them himself. One of his close associates told officers at American headquarters that he had quite a few eighteenth century pornographic clocks in which small figures in boudoirs go into indecent actions on the hour. The Emperor gets a big kick out of winding them up and showing them off to his friends.

He is very rich, owning a considerable part of Japan. The whole country is dotted with imperial estates. The rents they bring in must be terrific. One whole prefecture in Honshu belongs to him and he has his own narrow-gauge railway connecting the little villages. Incidentally, tons of war materials, including the so-called death ray equipment, were found in an imperial forest reserve.

Hirohito lives like his subjects, relying on nothing but Japanese amenities. I spent some time in the hideout palace they built for him in the high mountains of Honshu, to which he was to have gone when invasion materialized. It was a gorgeous house camouflaged to resemble a big farm complex, but the rooms were all

small boxlike cells with straw floor mats and low tables. There were no sofas, chairs or comfortable fireplaces. The kitchen had two small open charcoal burners. No oven, grill or toaster, and no plumbing except a single cold tap. His bathroom in the basement consisted of a small room with a wooden bench, a small wooden bucket and an assortment of brushes. An adjoining room contained a tub about four feet square and three feet deep with a heating arrangement of coils on one side. Apparently the bather would scrub himself out of the wooden bucket while sitting on the wooden bench, then soak himself to a bright pink in the hot water of the bath. There was only a single bath in the whole palace, so apparently the rather numerous imperial family intended to line up and take turns. The imperial air raid shelter was an underground tunnel leading to a single little room furnished with a mat on the floor and a small table. The imperial toilet was a beautiful little cell in red and black lacquer; there was an oblong hole in the center of the floor, with a wooden bucket about three feet below it.

III

I found no proof for the glib assurances of correspondents that Hirohito's power is waning. On the contrary, he seems to be stronger than ever before. Just below the MacArthur headquarters on Tokyo's famous Marunouchi Boulevard is the

main entrance to the imperial park. The residence is a good half-mile or so back in the trees and cannot be seen from the street. Thousands of Japanese pass up and down the street, and nearly every one of them stops, faces in the direction of the palace and bows low from the waist. Once as I was passing the entrance simultaneously with a street car, I looked up to see passengers, conductor and motorman all in a deep bow, while the car rattled along without human guidance. Foreigners who have lived in Tokyo for years told me that many more people are bowing now than before or during the war.

The Emperor has lost none of his prestige as a result of the so-called MacArthur humiliations. When the general, not wearing a necktie, received Hirohito and posed for photographs with his hands in his pockets, the Japanese were impressed—but not in the way intended by the general's brain trust. They lost respect for General MacArthur. Asking me why the general had shown such lack of good manners, the wife of a Japanese industrialist commented pointedly, "The contrast was splendid. It was like the rough brown of the tree bark that makes the color of the blossoms richer."

As Hirohito is father to his soldiers, I looked frequently for a photo of him in the many barracks I visited and lived in, but never found one. A Japanese officer whom I asked about it was slightly shocked by the idea and assured me that no soldier would

think of having a picture of the Emperor on the wall or anywhere else. It would be most disrespectful.

I asked my Japanese interpreter why, during his frequent visits to hospitals and camps, the Emperor confines himself to simple questions such as "Are you cold?" or "Are you hungry?" I suggested that a compliment, a pat on the back or a handshake might make him more popular. The Japanese assured me that Hirohito does exactly the right thing to touch a wounded Japanese soldier's heart. A handshake or even a smile would be regarded as belittling to the Emperor and the recipient might feel obliged to commit suicide. But solicitous questions about health and hunger are just right. They are in the fatherly tradition.

The popularizing process, which is taking the Emperor into many industrial and farming districts that he has probably never seen before, is being vigorously promoted by the Japanese government with nods of approval from American headquarters. During his first visits, neither Hirohito nor his subjects seemed to be comfortable and there was a decided remoteness between them, which bright U. S. Army public relations officers hastened to explain as the result of long segregation, which would soon be overcome by both sides. There has been no decided warming up of conviviality between the Son of Heaven and his subjects in subsequent visits, though they are now taken more for granted. A Japa-

nese foreman at the Mitsubishi plant in Yokohama explained that to see the Emperor walk through the dirty machine shop and to have to greet him while in grimy work clothes was a degrading experience.

Whether Hirohito likes this hobnobbing with his subjects in the Western manner is doubtful. Personal contact will certainly not weaken the intimacy of feeling that unites Japanese with their Emperor, but a Japanese editorial writer with whom I discussed it expressed the opinion that when the occupation organization departs from Japan, the more formal system of relationships will probably be resumed.

IV

By design, the Emperor has been presented to the American public as a kind of misguided but well-intentioned puppet who sipped his tea in isolation while his wicked ministers plotted war. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Hirohito started and ended the war, and it is unlikely that any major Japanese act in the war was undertaken without his full knowledge and approval. Vice Admiral Hoshina, Chief of the Naval Affairs Bureau, explained the beginning of hostilities in this manner: "The final thing that touched off the war was the stoppage of imports. Without them Japan could not survive. She could not successfully end her war with China or survive as a country. We were deprived of oil,

steel, bauxite and rubber, all of them badly needed items. When we received the ultimatum from the United States on November 26, 1941, the Emperor decided that under the conditions thereby imposed we could no longer exist as a nation. So we chose to fight."

The end of the war was described by Prince Konoye a few days before his suicide. On instructions from the Emperor, the Supreme War Council, composed of the Prime Minister, Minister of War, Minister of the Navy, Foreign Minister, Chief of the Imperial General Staff and Chief of the Naval Staff, met to decide whether to continue fighting or to end the war. After prolonged discussion, they voted: three for war and three for peace. In desperation they presented themselves to the Emperor, who, after listening to their arguments, made the decision that ended the war. His statement to his ministers was quoted from memory by Prince Konoye as follows:

Continuation of the war does not promise a successful outcome, no matter from what angle the situation is considered. Therefore I have decided to order the conclusion of the war, as I cannot endure the thought of having thousands, even hundreds of thousands, of my subjects killed, and, moreover, of being called the disturber of world peace. It is extremely difficult for me to have to turn over to the Allied authorities officers and men upon whom I have depended all this time as though they were part of my own body, but I have decided to endure what is unendurable and to accept the terms of the Potsdam Declaration.

The question whether the Emperor knew about the plan to attack Pearl Harbor was answered unequivocally by Admiral Toyoda, Commander in Chief of the Combined Fleets and the Emperor's naval adviser. In reply to the question, "Did the Emperor know in advance of the plan to attack Pearl Harbor?", the admiral replied, "Yes. All naval plans were submitted to him for his approval."

Throughout the war Hirohito held daily conferences with his ministers, military leaders and intimates, and they had to tell him the truth because no one knew what anyone else was telling, and no one wanted to be caught in a lie. Hirohito's Grand Chamberlain, Admiral Kyakutake, insisted that the Emperor was the best-informed man in Japan on the course of events throughout the war. In fact, he was the only person who stood above factions and policies, and could call on everyone for information and explanations.

Informed Japanese find very ridiculous the American attempts to whitewash their Emperor by insisting that he was free of all blame for the war. How could he be expected to guide the destinies of the nation unless he knew what was going on?

V

The ideal for which the Japanese fought is usually expressed, in Western terms, as "Asia for the Asiatics," but the Japanese slogan is more literally translated as "Eight nations under

the roof of the Emperor." Another popular translation reads, "All under the Emperor's umbrella." The movement to increase those in the Emperor's fold is being pushed just as vigorously in Japan today as it was during the war. The ideal is right, the Japanese believe, and the attempt to achieve it by force was laudable. Force having failed, there is still the economic road of conquest. The Dutch, French and British have suffered such setbacks that they are on their way out of the Far East, and the United States has granted independence to the Philippine Islands.

Japan therefore hopes to reap very positive gains from her unsuccessful war. The Japanese have a proverb, "Lose and thereby win," which they believe will apply to developments in the Far East. Great mass meetings are held in Tokyo's Hibya Park to espouse Asiatic freedom, with interpreters on hand to translate the fiery speeches for the benefit of the GIs who form a substantial part of the audience. During my last days in Tokyo I observed a parade past the MacArthur headquarters in which the marchers carried a long streamer inscribed with the Japanese slogan, "Eight nations under the roof of the Emperor" and under it in English, "Asia for the Asiatics. We sympathize with our Indonesian and Philippine brothers." For a defeated monarch, I thought, Hirohito wasn't doing too badly.

When the Japanese are urged by their American-supervised radio and

press to establish democratic practices and to think of their Emperor as a democratic monarch something like George VI, they merely look amused and say that he *is* a democratic monarch. Where can democracy be completer than in a nation that is one big happy family? If pressed further, they are apt to turn the subject around and ask whether the class distinctions in the United States Army are democratic. I am certain that every Japanese has been making a lot of comparisons between American and Japanese ways during the past months, and that most of the conclusions they reach favor the continuation of their own system rather than adoption of Western ideas. We certainly haven't offered them anything they would

exchange for their patriarchic system and the Emperor.

The only thing that seems positive to me in all the sorry mess of present-day Japan is the fact that the Son of Heaven will weather any storm that comes up — even the flurries stirred up by American officers who feel competent to change the ancient folkways of a nation. Every Japanese political party supports him except a small group of Communist extremists. The only time I saw the docile Japanese become violent was when a member of this group had the temerity to demand Hirohito's abdication. I last saw the anti-monarchist racing along the bomb-scarred Ginza with several hundred sons of the Son of Heaven in noisy pursuit.



PALESTINIANS

Three Sketches

By J. L. TELLER

Two tall, gaunt, elderly men, with furrowed sun-bleached faces, sit shoulder to shoulder on stools in front of their small vaulted doorless stores on Jaffa-Tel Aviv Road, the main street connecting the Arab and the Jewish city. One is a Palestinian Arab, the other a Jew from Iraq, and they have been neighbors for many years, these two Semites who look like twins.

They watch the horse-drawn public coach drive by, swaying on its axles like a matron walking leisurely, and raising a clamor of wheels and hoofs which simulate frantic speed. It has vanished in a cloud of dust and red twilight, but the old men still nod and lick the corners of their mouths over the vision of flashing eyes above the horizon of a veil which flashed out at them from the coach. The lemonade peddler, tall, slender, cymbals in his hands heralding his coming, ambles along, dancelike, trancelike, with a

Neighbors

leather barrel strapped to his back, its long silver cork rising above his left shoulder like the bayonet point of a rifle on a soldier's back, and its bottom sloping towards his hip. The old men move their lips and lick them several times in experimental fashion; until one of them sighs, and takes a plunge.

"What about your son, Ibrahim? When is he marrying Hoda?"

"When?" Ibrahim shrugs his shoulders and spreads out his hands to underscore his helplessness. "Who knows? At his age, I had a litter of kids. But he is too wise, and Hoda is unlettered and too stupid for him. . . . 'Omar,' I tell him, 'a woman does not need to know these things. If she'll know all you know, you'll have to bury your head in the dung. She's a good girl, can keep house, and her mother and grandmother and great-grandmother were all good breeders. Between them, they produced not families, but tribes. That is

J. L. TELLER has visited Palestine three times in recent years. During the current year he spent three months touring the entire country, meeting with hundreds of Jews and Arabs. He is editor of the Independent Jewish Press Service (in New York City) and of the Palcro News Agency which specializes in Palestinian news.

all you should want of a woman.' But no, not he. . . . He spends his evenings in coffee houses in your Tel Aviv, where women and men mix freely, not to mention the horror that the women's faces are bare. If they had sense, your women, they would realize that a veil is a blessing for them, for some women may pass off with their eyes, but when they expose their mouths and their chins, why — they are as ugly as the tatooed Bedouin wives. . . . Your Tel Aviv, psh . . . brr. . . ."

"You are talking fog, old man. Tel Aviv is a beautiful city, indeed. Like Mecca, it attracts people from across the globe. Princess of the East, and the most beautiful indeed of all cities in the world. . . . Name me another, old man, to match Tel Aviv. And as for your son, don't blame Tel Aviv. You sent him to Beirut, to study Christian ways, and ever since he has been neither Christian nor Moslem, and struts about like an emir's son. Don't blame us, Ibrahim. And when a son misbehaves, you may be sure that his father is a milkweed who would not apply the rod. When you spare a son's bottom when he toddles, he'll stick it out at you when he grows up."

"Perhaps you are right, Yacov, perhaps you are right. But what about your son, eh?"

"What about him?"

"The police have been around again asking for him. What has he done now?"

"He is not a thief, and you know that."

"A thief not, but an assassin perhaps. . . ."

"God curse your skull, would you call a man an assassin for shooting the foes of his tribe? An assassin, indeed. . . . He is a mighty warrior of Israel, that's what he is."

"But they tell me these warriors of yours are plotting to seize our sacred places in Jerusalem, and then there will be bloodshed, Yacov, so help me Allah. Here, it says right here in the paper, 'The Yahud are plotting.'"

"In the paper? The papers lie."

"They lie indeed, but where there is a dog there is a flock. . . ."

"Do you believe, old fool, that my son wants to seize something which is yours?"

"Would you ever have believed that my son would still be wifeless in his twenty-fifth year? It's a new generation, Yacov, a new generation."

"You have said the truth. It is a new generation, indeed. . . ."

A prolonged silence. The twilight pales out, and the early stars rise over rooftops and dust and Ibrahim and Yacov, two old men on their little stools. The old men rise, taking their chairs with them, as they shuffle in. Soon they emerge again, drawing down the corrugated iron blinds, locking them at the sides, and then prostrating themselves on the sidewalk to lock the blinds at floor level. They rise, Yacov thrashes about with his hands, brushing his garments. Ibrahim watches him with good-natured mockery. They shuffle home together in the direction of Jaffa,

where the Eastern Jews have set up their quarters in the Arab midst.

"You know," Ibrahim mentions casually, "the police asked me whether I saw your son around. And I saw him,

of course; let me see . . . the day before yesterday, yes, Friday . . . as he was sneaking out of your house past midnight. And when the police asked me, I told them . . . ha-ha-ha



... you are an old goat, Yacov . . . when the police asked, I told them he had not been around for over a month. . . .”

Love under Curfew

THE late afternoon sun pasted the windows and mixed with the dust into a yellowish haze which blinded all vision and blurred all corners in the courtroom. A lackadaisical recess mood prevailed, with lawyers and newspapermen swapping banter, and kin of the defendant taking nervous step-measure of the space between the open door and the corridor.

Abruptly the mood changed, as a preoccupied clerk dashed in brusquely. Conversation terminated bluntly although hushed whispers still trailed like foam, and, in an alarmed sibilant frou-frou, people rushed to their seats. The door slammed shut. Lawyers came to attention, struggling with their wide sleeves and adjusting their robes like stout women arranging their dresses, before rising from their seats. The three military judges mounted the platform and seated themselves, arms crossed and leaning on the long narrow table, chins shored by cupped hands. The flashy-eyed, conceited-looking interpreter barked instructions to the defendant, who rose from his bench on a platform behind the attorneys and faced the judges. Behind him like a shadow rose his guard, tommy gun pointed at his back.

The dust seemed to settle, the haze

dispel, as the sun-fog cleared from the windows, and the late afternoon light outlined in sharp relief each face and corner in the room.

“Has the defendant anything he wishes to say before sentence is pronounced?” The question of the weary-voiced presiding justice, a bald British colonel, was repeated with staccato emphasis by the brisk interpreter.

The defendant, a reddish, disheveled Jewish young man from Galilee, with the stubble of a day's beard, provoked the obvious analogy with another Galilean Jew who faced an imperialist judge in this city some centuries back. This youth replied in a matter of fact voice, although his mouth twitched and religious fervor betrayed his eyes:

“I do not deny that I was a participant in the landings of these so-called illegal Jewish immigrants, nor do I deny the possession of arms, nor that I would have used them against any person — be he the Prime Minister of Britain or my mother's son — who would have interfered with these landings. I beg no mercy and expect none, for the virtue of compassion is both beyond the ability and the authority of my judges, and my deed has its own immanent reward.”

The interpreter, embarrassed, blurted out a quick and what sounded like an abbreviated version of the defendant's reply. One of the judges looked stolidly past the defendant at illusory open spaces beyond; another, with a nervous glance at his watch,

tightened the cover of his fountain pen; the chairman alone winced and gulped as the interpreter finished translating, and then pronounced sentence in a voice betraying shrillness above its monotonous rhythm ". . . ten years in prison for the illegal possession of arms counter to paragraph — and paragraph — and sub-paragraph — of the emergency regulations, etc., etc., and for participation in a conspiracy for the purpose of and for being an accomplice to, the landing of unlawful immigrants in contravention of etc., etc."

The defendant, prodded by his guard, stepped down and shuffled toward the door. Military guards who had been seated in the audience, stationed at the door and perched on windows, where they toyed with their tommy guns, now sprang to their feet and quickly formed a cordon around him; and although everyone had been frisked before entering the building, the defendant's wife was frisked once more as she stepped up to him and smilingly stretched out her hand. He grasped it with a quick grin and repugnantly shrugged off a soldier's grip as he walked toward the door.

He was no more than twenty and only two months married. He had had a week with his wife and seven in the dungeons of Acre jail awaiting trial. He was Palestinian-born, and sacrifice for the cause was in his blood, a legacy from his father, who fled the same Acre jail to join the Jewish Legion in World War I, and from his grandfather, who was one of the first mad

Yahud who astonished the Arabs by settling in the wasteland, making it worthy of the plow and the seed by wading in malarial swamps stripped to the waist.

This young man's wife, this dry-eyed, shy, smiling young woman who casually shook his hand as he was led away to a ten years' Acre sentence, brought to their marriage her own tradition of daring and martyrdom — a recent immigrant, she came to Palestine after participating in the rebellion of the Bialystok ghetto and in the partisan warfare of the swamps in Polesie.

As I accompanied her home I ran through the entire roster of a newspaperman's impertinent questions. How does a wife feel in the face of ten years' separation after a marriage of no more than a week?

"We anticipated this before we took the marriage vows," she replied. "So do thousands of others. We like to think of ourselves as the new Jews, a tribe dedicated to the creation of a new people, saying to the world, 'Thank you for offering to shed our blood; we shall shed it ourselves, and ourselves determine the time, the place and the cause.' This determination of ours involves constant peril to life but prison is the worst of these perils, for to live and be useless is a curse next to none. It is for this I weep and not for the separation. . . . I have become accustomed to separations. We were a family of over sixty and I alone have survived. . . . The week he and I had together was a gift, for

either of us might have been arrested and sentenced before we ever met. . . .”

She rambled on about her pious family who took their faith in God with them into the gas chambers at Treblinka.

The crescent moon heralding the new month evidently recalled to her the prayer and jig dance offered by the martyred Jews of Bialystok to the God of Israel for restoring the moon and renewing the month. She threw back her head and ironically intoned: “Blessed be thou O Lord, Our God, for guarding the Jew-ashes of Bialystok, and for commanding the moon to shine on your valiant sons in the dungeons of Acre and on our illegal vessels lest the British Coast Guard hounds miss them. . . .”

Partisan

HE SHOOK hands brusquely and from the moment he sat down he twisted, craned and turned as though he were extremely uncomfortable. Twice he changed from a chair to a sofa and back to a chair, before I realized that this restiveness came from within and was one which the coziest chair could not remedy. Though the day was humid and the tea accordingly was iced, he blew distractedly before gulping glass after glass of it.

The dust in the room thickened, and his hands and face, frostbitten in Poland’s harsh winters, burned a deep red, like private twilights. He spoke

in gasps and erratic phrases as he retold the story of ghetto, concentration camp, escape and escapade, and service with the Soviet partisans with whom he rose to the rank of brigade commander. All in all, he was a man of twenty-six, proudly wearing the many decorations for valor awarded him by the Poles and by the Red Army.

“And what made you come to Palestine?”

He crossed his legs and huddled over, face on cupped palms and elbows braced on his knees. “Look here,” he said, “I have seen too much and I know too much. My commander, a decent enough fellow, used to call me Stepan, a Christian name. I didn’t like it and told him so, pointing out that I preferred my Hebrew name, Yosef, given me by my parents who perished in Oswiecim, God bless their memories. But he persisted, insisting that Stepan was only an endearing nickname. One day, irked by my objections, he turned on me. ‘Stop sulking, you fool! Don’t you realize that this partisan force contains all sorts, that anyone who is ready to fight Hitler is welcome? And some of these local peasants, who know no better, still regard the Jew with misgivings. They might make trouble for you, if they knew. Luckily you don’t look Jewish, and with a name like Stepan. . . .’ Subsequently, when some Jews in our brigade died in battle I turned them over and inspected their wounds. They had been shot in the back. Besides,” he added, “I was



a Zionist from boyhood. Palestine was the natural place for me."

But he is not exactly happy here. First he thought that he would like to settle in a *Kvutza*, a communal settlement.

"The *Kvutza* I chose received me as one of its own; they were kind and generous, but it took me no more than several days to realize that life there was not for me. My difficulties were somewhat paradoxical. The village quiet when everyone was asleep overwhelmed me. I was dizzy among the stars, the distant yowling coyotes and my thoughts. The damn thoughts are like a salted well to the thirst-plagued, a malarial swamp which I may never be able to clear. The dead I have seen, the deaths I have caused. . . . On the other hand, life

in the *Kvutza* was too gregarious, a herd life, and I have had my fill of collective living in concentration camps, among the partisans; so after wrestling with my conscience for weeks, I shamefacedly fled the *Kvutza*. Not that I didn't try. . . ."

He settled in Tel Aviv, saying that he would like a modest living such as selling ices on the boardwalk, but one which would give him the chance to be with crowds because "the city is different. You are with crowds and yet you are apart. You can drop out whenever you choose. . . ."

Drop out. . . . "It happens even amidst the boardwalk hilarity. The unexpected backfiring of a taxi has the sudden effect of a concussion and reverts me to the forest and to my partisan past. When I recover I find myself crouching right there in the middle of the boardwalk amidst a circle of gapers." But it is even worse alone in his room. "My mind will not follow my eyes as I try to read and the silence pours heavily into my ears, filling all crevices, swelling my temples and lifting my skull, as images begin rattling off slowly like machine gun fire and then tear and rise and swish like rockets."

He has tried the movies. "But the picture blurs and other images impinge on my mind. It is even worse than being alone in my room."

He has requested a post with *Haganah*, the Jewish Resistance Movement.

"I could teach them some new tactics, for what do they know? I

didn't get these medals for sitting on my bottom. But they are afraid even to trust me with a gun, and recommend psychiatric treatment instead. But can a doctor cure history? My malady is the history of what happened to a people. . . . Not that I blame the *Haganah* for not admitting me. Despite all the tension here, these people are babes in the woods, and I find them freezing up in embarrassment when I begin detailing my experiences, just as adults do when a child blurts out a family secret at the guest table. There is, for instance, the most unique experience of all, when I hounded a German for a full hour and finally pinned him down. There we were crouching in the high grass trying to muffle its rippling sound, as we bellycrawled forward . . . like snakes we were, he gyrating around me, and I coiling after him; and like a snake, spouting its venom, I raised my gun and fired a shot, and he raised his gun and fired a shot. Then finally and

suddenly, we sprang through the air. I was the faster and crashed on him like high tide. I used the butt of my gun. It was so much simpler. He seemed to give way like sand. . . ."

He doesn't wish me to have the wrong impression of Palestine. His maladjustment is his own fault and his own problem. Many partisans suffered as he did, but some have married and escaped the blight.

"Marriage, you see. . . ." He stretched his legs, sat back in the chair and relaxed for the first time since he entered the room, an hour and a half earlier. "Marriage does a lot for our kind. Although we cannot live a group life as they do in a *Kvutza*, it is poison for us to be alone. . . ."

"But a wife, that is different, just one other person to understand me, to be there to stir me out of my trances, and to chastise me to relax, and eventually carry in her belly a child, our gift to the replenishment of a depleted people. . . ."



THE REAL

BY ISABELLE BRYANS LONGFELLOW

THEN what is real? Where do we leave the land
Of make-believe and mind's long masquerade?
When do we cross the footlights, free to stand
Stripped of our frill, bare of our false brocade?
The velvet curtains open wide and close;
The lines are finished and the scene set by —
Still we are actors and the parts we pose
Scale to new footlights. Even eye to eye —
Yea, heart to hungry heart, we cannot see
Backstage of mind the stark reality.

SALUTE TO BUFFALO BILL

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

THE United States Senate enjoyed a refreshing half-hour one day recently when the Gentleman from Wyoming, Mr. Edward V. Robertson, was given the floor and stood up to pay centennial tribute to the memory of the late William Frederick Cody, the one and only Buffalo Bill, who was born in Scott County, Iowa, in 1846. It is possible that a few of the younger senators needed to be told that Buffalo Bill was one of those rare characters who become legends while they still live, people like John L. Sullivan, Jesse James and lovely Lillian Russell, though Buffalo Bill was greater than any of these.

It was proper and very decent of Senator Robertson to remind his harassed colleagues of 1946 of a happier time, a day when a long-haired man in buckskin with a Colt .45 and not a professor with two ounces of uranium was the most important American; and I fancy that the solons enjoyed the reminder and were indeed refreshed, although nostalgic sadness must certainly have fastened upon the elder of them. But I wish that the senator from Wyoming could have dropped at least a footnote to the memories of the two men who took Bill Cody and made him into Buffalo

Bill — a couple of homemade press agents named Burke and Judson. We shall not see their like again. Without them, Cody would be merely an entry in the yellowing files of the United States Fifth Cavalry records.

Let it be understood that this writer has no desire to dim the luster of Buffalo Bill. I would as soon heave a brick at the memory of dainty Annie Oakley, whom I once saw in Mr. Keith's theatre in Boston, after which I went away charmed for life. I also saw Buffalo Bill when the "Original Wild West" set up its tent at White River Junction, Vermont, and though I had already gazed upon the magnificence of Admiral George Dewey and gaped at Niagara Falls, the memory of the one blew away in the mist of the other, wholly blotted out by the dazzling sight of Buffalo Bill.

The memory of Bill and Annie is secure so long as a man lives who saw them; but Burke and Judson are recalled only by persons of antiquarian leanings or by those who have read of their great labors for Buffalo Bill in the amusing books by Frederic E. Pond (*Life and Adventures of Ned Buntline*) and Richard L. Walsh (*The Making of Buffalo Bill*), both of which cry aloud for reprinting.

II

ALTHOUGH Bill Cody's tombstone says he was born in 1845, the Cody family Bible places the event on February 26, 1846. While Bill was still a youth his family moved from Iowa to Kansas, and the boy, who refused to attend school, went to work as a sort of messenger for the celebrated overland freighting firm of Russell, Majors & Waddell. While so engaged he was said — much later — to have taken part in an affray with Indians and to have killed one of them. Bill was then almost eleven years old. The story is doubtful. On it, however, press agents Burke and Judson erected the whole structure of Buffalo Bill the Indian Killer, as bloody a saga as ever appeared in print. In time even Cody came to believe it. Incidentally, it is only fair to remark here that Cody was no liar: he was merely susceptible to suggestion, and Burke and Judson were two of the most proficient suggestors imaginable.

If Cody learned to kill redskins at an early age, he also learned to down liquor. Not his press agents, but his sister Helen told of a boyhood binge after which he arrived at home late in the night, singing, shouting that he was going to be President of the United States. She added: "Will never touched hard cider again." Possibly he didn't, but one should not take the statement to mean that Bill did not touch liquor, for he became and remained to the end one of our really

great toppers. In his prime (which endured for many years), he required ten tumblers of good stout whisky a day to keep, as he often remarked, his kidneys functioning properly. Probably he was right, too, so far as the medicinal properties of liquor were concerned, for Gene Fowler, who knew Bill in his later days and saw him down incredible draughts of straight whisky even then, said that no amount of hard liquor could bloat his stalwart figure, crimson his notable nose or otherwise rob him of the charms that made the hearts of women flutter alarmingly.

From his messenger-boy job young Cody went to riding for the Pony Express. He served briefly with a company of jayhawkers who were harassing the secessionists of the region, but he did not enlist in the Union Army until early in 1864. He often related to friends how it had happened. "One day," he said, "after having been under the influence of *bad* whisky, I awoke to find myself a soldier in the Seventh Kansas Volunteers."

Cody's war service, during which he rose from the rank of recruit to that of full private, was neither bloody nor spectacular. It was in 1867 that he took on the job that was to give him his nickname. Goddard Brothers, food suppliers to the construction crews of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, hired him to kill bison. In this occupation he was supreme. In seventeen months, by his own account, which may well have been an understatement, he shot

4280 bison. He had certainly earned the title that was to be his, yet he still did not have it. His first press agent was still two years in the future.

After the bison-killing period, Cody became a civilian scout with the Fifth Cavalry. Unquestionably he was an excellent scout, both shrewd and brave, and a dead shot to boot. In a number of skirmishes with Indians he performed well enough to be cited by General E. A. Carr and also by General Phil Sheridan. Yet the man who really came out of these battles a hero was not Bill Cody but Major Frank North, perhaps the greatest Indian fighter of them all. Major North's name was constantly mentioned in dispatches. The newspapers took him up. And presently there arrived at Fort McPherson, Nebraska, where Major North was stationed, a character known to thousands of semi-literates by the *nom de plume* Ned Buntline, the inventor of the dime-novel school in American literature.

Buntline, who was in fact the aforementioned Judson, found Major North diffident. No, he did not wish to appear in any of Buntline's stories. Nor could Buntline persuade him. "The man to fill that bill," North said coldly, "is under that wagon." The man under the wagon was Bill Cody.

III

NED BUNTLINE was born Edward Zane Carroll Judson in 1823. I can think of no other American character quite so fantastic. Set beside

Buntline's own life, the adventures of Major North and Bill Cody seem sedate and colorless. As Judson he had served in the Navy, fought in the Seminole War, worked in the Far West for a fur-trading company; helped to found the Know-Nothing political party, staged riots in St. Louis and led the mob in the ghastly Astor Place riot in New York in 1849. He had also invented the technique of the dime novel and by 1860 had perfected the form which endures to this day. He wrote an immense amount of trash that sold in vast quantities.

Meanwhile, Judson-Buntline had also been lecturing on temperance and seducing an untold number of women. In Nashville he shot and killed a man with whose wife he was having an affair. Jailed, he escaped from the courtroom itself while being arraigned, bolted through a window and tore through the streets in a hail of flying lead. A mob got hold of him at last and hanged him inadequately, from a lamp post on a Nashville street. The rope failed to break his neck, though he never liked ropes thereafter, and he lived another thirty years.

But these are scarcely a fraction of Judson's own adventures. When he met Cody in 1869 the Buntline stories were in great vogue. He saw in the handsome young scout just what he needed as the central figure in a new series that would deal with life on the American frontier. Kit Carson, Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone—all were dead. It was time for a new hero.

Before he left Fort McPherson

Buntline had given Cody the name of Buffalo Bill, and presently Buntline's new serial was tingling his many readers with *Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men*. In this serial, later made into a book, was the genesis of America's great myth of the Old Frontier. Buntline set the character, and Cody did his level best to live up to it. All of the many writers who later were to follow the Buffalo Bill trail merely elaborated the legend Buntline had invented, even to the ironic and horrible fiction that made of Bill a teetotaler and a temperance advocate. Colonel Prentiss Ingraham wrote and rewrote the legend in no less than 203 paper-bound volumes, many of which are still in print.

Shortly after the first Buntline story appeared, a party of New Yorkers went West at the invitation of General Sheridan to have a buffalo hunt. Buffalo Bill was their guide. In the party was James Gordon Bennett the younger, the liveliest newspaper publisher of the time. Bennett was entranced with Buffalo Bill. He had never seen anything like this fine figure of a man, dressed in light buckskin that dripped with fringe, a crimson shirt and a fancy sombrero topping a head of magnificent hair that rippled down over his shoulders. His moustaches curled upward, and he wore a small goatee to complete the classic profile of what all American plainsmen were henceforth to look like. Buffalo Bill rode his snow white horse with ease, and there was dash about his every move.

Bennett invited Cody to visit New York, and a bit later General Sheridan aided the scout in getting passes from the railroads. Bennett sent the scout five hundred dollars for travel expenses, and Cody took off. He stopped in Chicago long enough to purchase a dress suit; and was a little surprised and very happy to find himself already something of a hero, due to Buntline's earnest efforts. He was entertained at a number of dinners, then went to see Niagara Falls and so to New York.

Bennett met Cody and had him put up at the Union Club, where his yellow buckskins popped the eyes of both the staff and the members. He called on Buntline, who was living in style at the Brevoort, and learned that a play based on Buntline's Buffalo Bill stories was about to appear. While waiting for this event, Cody attended a stupendous dinner given in his honor in the August Belmont mansion by the great financier himself. On the next evening Bennett staged a big dinner for the scout, but Bill failed to show up and the disappointment was great. The next day he admitted to Bennett that he had somehow become "badly confused and demoralized," what with horsecars and cabs everywhere and a bar on every corner and several in between.

THEN came the premier of *Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men*, made by Fred G. Meader from one of Buntline's epics. The play was produced in the Bowery Theatre, with

J. B. Studley impersonating Buffalo Bill. Bill himself sat in a box with Buntline to see one of the most extraordinary plays ever presented in New York. Chased by Indians, the hero crawled into a hollow log which lay in the very center of the stage. The redskins, alarmed by the mysterious disappearance of their intended victim, and apparently too stupid to inspect the log, sat down to hold council and make medicine. This called for a council fire and — well, it happened. The redskins built their fire against the log; and while the gallery gods sat forward breathless, the great scout was slowly being baked in the log oven. Just when the suspense was getting wholly beyond endurance, Buffalo Bill heaved his powderhorn into the flames, blowing the copper-skinned morons in all directions.

At the end of the play the spotlight was turned on the box, and the real Buffalo Bill got his first taste of the illumination that he was to love and cherish for the next forty years and more. But this time the light dazzled him and he could only mumble a few unintelligible words. The ovation, however, was deafening.

ALWAYS a generous soul, and feeling now that he should do something in return for the honors and hospitality heaped upon him, Bill threw a big party at Delmonico's Restaurant. He had thought that the fifty dollars he still possessed from the Bennett endowment would be sufficient for all expenses. It turned out he was short

by several hundred dollars. Embarrassed and no little bemused at such expensive doings, he had to call for Buntline to settle the difference.

Bill soon started for the plains, stopping off between trains in Omaha, where friends insisted that he let them see how he looked in the claw-hammer suit and silk hat he had bought in the East. He put them on, and the party that followed was enthusiastic. Kind hands hoisted him aboard a west-bound train, still wearing his dude clothes and weighted with a quart of rye in each hip pocket. Next afternoon he arrived, fragrant and none too steady, in the brilliant sunshine at Fort McPherson, appareled in all of his ballroom finery, his long hair tucked up under the topper. It was reckoned one of the great events in the old Army post's stirring history.

Cody quickly put away his Eastern clothes, got into buckskins, and went scouting for the Third Cavalry. On May 22, 1872, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for gallantry in action against the hostiles at Platte River, Nebraska. For the next forty-four years the Medal of Honor was Buffalo Bill's proudest possession, until February 15, 1917, when a churlish War Department removed the names of more than 900 Medal holders from the official list. Cody's was among them, though the removal of it was not the result of doubt that he had earned it. Cody came off the distinguished list simply because he had been neither an officer nor an enlisted man at the time it was

bestowed. He had been a civilian scout and hence not eligible for the award. It was a cruel deed, to a man who in 1917 was old, with less than a year to live.

IV

CODY's scouting days were about over in '72; Ned Buntline was after him again. He wrote Cody letter after letter urging him to get into show business. He said he had written a fine play for him to act in. If Cody would come to Chicago, bringing along a dozen or so Indians, Buntline would produce a show that would take the big city on the lake by storm, and make Cody and Buntline a lot of money. Finally Cody could resist no longer. Taking with him a character known as Texas Jack, but forgetting all about the Indians, Cody arrived in Chicago on December 12, 1872. Buntline was disappointed to see no Indians; but he himself had forgotten something — forgotten to write the play. But that was nothing. Buntline first went out and rented a theater for six hundred dollars for one week, then sat down and in four hours wrote *Scouts of the Prairie*. Between Thursday and Monday night he rehearsed the cast, including ten dubious waterfront characters whom he had enticed to be Indians at twenty-five cents a performance.

The show opened on December 16. The ten Indians were killed, then re-killed in each act, and the audience thought it wonderful, even though a

nasty drama critic wrote of the play that he wondered why Buntline had taken all of four hours to write it. The show pleased Chicago, then went to St. Louis, then to New York where it opened at Niblo's Garden for a long run. Buffalo Bill had come out of the world of literature and was now a handsome living god behind the foot-lights, where all could see and hear him.

After one season under Buntline's management, Bill thought his own share in the proceeds were too small. The next season he and Texas Jack opened their own show in New York. They talked Wild Bill Hickok, a mean and genuine killer, into playing a part, but soon found the ornery old plainsman more than they could handle. It was bad enough when Wild Bill, irritated that the spotlight followed him across the stage, drew his Colt and shot the hell out of it. He insisted that the cold tea used in the play to simulate hard liquor be tossed out and the bottles filled with forty-rod. In the sham battles, Wild Bill, instead of shooting over the heads of the Indians, liked to shoot the blanks close to their bare legs, giving them powder burns. Buffalo Bill took him to task for this, and in the end Wild Bill went to his dressing room, got out of his stage clothes and left the theatre, then and for all time, asking the stage carpenter to "tell that long-haired son-of-a-bitch I got no use for him or his show."

Wild Bill or no Wild Bill, Cody's second season as an actor was most successful, and he closed it "rolling in

wealth." The show's success in this particular season, and in all subsequent seasons, was due in great part to the genius of Major John W. Burke, rated by those who saw him perform as the greatest press agent of all time.

BUFFALO BILL's new public relations counsel wore his hair long and sometimes called himself Arizona John Burke. He hailed from Washington, D. C., and had been an actor and a newspaperman. He took firm hold of the Buffalo Bill legend where Buntline left off and blew it into the gigantic figure that I and all my generation remember from our youth. Burke really loved and revered Cody. In good times and bad, through all of the misfortunes that came to the show, largely because of Cody's love of liquor and women, plus his hazy ideas of business, Burke stood fast and never wavered.

Burke was welcome in every newspaper, railway and theatrical office in the United States. Everybody liked him, and though few believed his preposterous stories about Buffalo Bill and his show, they nevertheless printed them. They found him cars to move the show when other troupes could get no cars; and he could hire a theatre out from under almost any contract. When scandal reared its head about Cody, Burke fetched up some new and wondrous incident in his hero's life and gave it to the world. Burke was also immensely popular with Indians, and he could do wonders

with them and the government Indian Bureau.

While Buffalo Bill's show was touring the theaters, Cody met an actor and showman of great ability named Nat Salsbury, who told Cody that what he should have was an outdoor show, a tent show. Urged by Salsbury, Cody did start such a show, featuring himself and Gordon Lillie, known as Pawnee Bill. The show itself was fair, but it was badly managed, or rather not managed at all. "For the first five weeks out," Lillie said, "Cody was drunk every day." Salsbury saw the show and predicted it would soon fail. It did, and Cody went to Salsbury for help. Salsbury had a contract drawn up between himself, Cody and Captain A. H. Bogardus, "The World's Champion Pigeon Shot." The man who drew up the contract was John P. Altgeld of Chicago, later Governor of Illinois.

UNDER Salsbury's management and Major Burke's inspired press agency, "Buffalo Bill's Original Wild West" was a success from the day it opened in 1884 until Cody's last public appearance in it in 1913. It toured the United States and Canada, then England, then Europe, playing, as the phrase has it, before the crowned heads of kingdoms and empires. Nat Salsbury proved to be one of the great outdoor showmen of the age, a man in Barnum's class. He and Burke were always thinking up new ways to startle the public. They took hold of Annie Oakley, five feet, one hundred

pounds, nineteen and pretty, but unknown, and made her Little Sure Shot, the world's champion female with a rifle. Annie had ability to begin with. What she needed and what she got was special treatment from Burke's genius.

Old Sitting Bull, the surly Sioux, was advertised as having adopted Annie and she became, Burke swore, a member of the tribe and "a full Indian princess." Burke also attested to Annie's having broken 4772 glass balls of 5000 that were thrown into the air. "How wonderful is this little miss from the Plains!", he marveled in a thousand newspaper offices. At thirty paces Annie would slice the thin edge of a playing card held toward her. She shot dimes out of the air. She shot the ash off a cigaret held in the lips of her husband, Frank E. Butler. Burke confided to newspapermen that he had seen Annie shoot the spot out of an ace of spades dropped from the top of the tent. (Show passes and complimentary tickets of all kinds are known to this day as "Annie Oakleys" because they have punch-marks through them, like the cards Annie plugged while they fluttered down through the air.) In the proper towns, and he knew which they were, Burke always told the press that Annie's favorite reading was the New Testament. She remained with the show for most of seventeen years, dying in 1926 at the age of sixty-seven.

Among the many trials of Burke was Buffalo Bill's habit of getting swacked at showtime, failing to hit

the glass balls, even with sizable charges of buckshot, and closing his performance with a stump speech extolling the wonders of Kansas. Often when he did this, the show happened to be playing in Massachusetts or California. Burke tried to pass it off, saying it was due to Bill's great and deep love for Kansas "where his much-beloved father was the first to die in the struggle to free the slaves." In Boston, Burke told the press Cody was "nine-tenths Irish, descended from one of the early kings of Ireland." In Wisconsin, he remarked that the original spelling of the great scout's name had been "Koditz." In all of the towns and cities, Burke related how Buffalo Bill had "avenged Custer's death" and, if urged in the least, would go on to tell exactly how Cody had avenged the Battle of Little Big Horn. No two versions agreed, but all of them appeared in the papers. Burke's stories, indeed, are the chief reason why no reliable biography of Cody has ever appeared.

WORK as he would, however, good John Burke could not dissipate all of the scandalous rumors and charges about his ward, for the Old Scout of the Plains was lusty and far from discreet. The first time Gene Fowler interviewed Cody, he began by asking: "What did the duke really say, Colonel, when he caught you in the lady's room?" This referred to the well-known and probably true story concerning an English duchess with whom the gallant Cody had a liaison.

But Cody was old then, and he refused to answer the brash young reporter's question.

V

AT THE turn of the century "Buffalo Bill's Original Wild West" was proceeding with a head of steam that carried it along even after Salsbury's death in 1902. But with Salsbury's going, both Buffalo Bill and the show started to disintegrate. Pawnee Bill bought into the show again and diluted it with his Far East features, thus producing what the aging though still imaginative Burke said was "a wedding of the Orient and Occident in gorgeous pageantry, pomp and procession." In Boston he told the *Transcript* man the new show was "a triumphal march of the ethnological congress." But something was lacking. In 1910 Bill announced that the season would be his farewell tour. They made a lot of money that year, and Cody put most of it into the several worthless gold and silver mines he had been supporting for years. In 1911 the show went out again, but to less business. In 1912 it was even worse.

It was getting time for the buzzards to gather. H. H. Tammén, an ex-barkeep who with a partner had set up as a newspaper publisher in Denver, loaned Cody \$20,000 and took a mortgage on his portion of the "Wild West." Another clause in the instrument provided that Cody should leave his own show and appear in the Sells-Floto Circus, owned by Tammén.

So in 1913 Buffalo Bill trouped in opposition to the show that still bore his name. Presently Tammén foreclosed on the "Wild West" and the outfit was sold by the sheriff. Tammén loaned more money to Cody and forced him to go out with the circus again. There followed a number of intricate deals, and when they were done Buffalo Bill was merely a featured employee with Miller's "101 Ranch" show. Cody closed his show career with this outfit at Portsmouth, Virginia, on November 11, 1916. He had shattered his last glass ball.

WHEN Fowler interviewed Buffalo Bill, the old man seemed to him a sad, lonely figure, his money gone, his show gone, the eyes of the United States no longer on the Old Frontier but on Europe, where slaughter on a gigantic scale was being done. A few months later Cody died, and his body was hardly cold when Mayor Robert W. Speer of Denver had a beautiful idea, one worthy of John Burke: Bill should be buried by the people of Denver on top of Colorado's Lookout Mountain, deep in the solid granite, with a funeral fit for a King of the Plains. North Platte, Nebraska, wanted the body for burial there, where Bill had a home. So did Cody, Wyoming, the town named for Bill and where he had lived. Denver had the body and Denver prevailed.

Denver embalmers used all their arts on the old hero while workmen blasted and drilled in the mountain wall. Thousands came on special trains

for the orgy, and thousands trudged up the steep hill to the grave, among them six of Bill's surviving sweet-hearts. While the ceremonies were going forward, one of the six old girls rose from her camp chair with what Fowler, who watched fascinated, said was a manner so gracious and regal as to command respect. Then, as if she were alone with *her* dead, and while the vast audience gaped, the woman walked to the casket and held her antique black parasol over the glass in the coffin through which the still handsome face of the Prince of the Prairies peered. She stood there during the remainder of the long service, a fantastic and superb figure.

Denver soon began to realize what a truly stupendous attraction it had in

the grave of Buffalo Bill. A million people visit the spot each year. In time, certain citizens of Wyoming threatened to dig up the body and move it where they thought it belonged — in Cody. Denver was alarmed, and presently fifteen tons of railroad iron and concrete were used to seal the grave.

LET Buffalo Bill's bones remain where they are, to mark a spot of pilgrimage for those who can remember the buckskinned god who sat his white horse so nonchalantly and shot the pretty balls into tinkling showers of glass, while a forty-two-piece band blared out *The Stars and Stripes Forever*. . . . It was a moment no American can forget.



Phrase Origins — 6

TINKER'S DAM: Anyone who has used solder knows that it will run readily and adhere on a clean surface but not on a dirty one. Tinkers, who were menders of pots and pans, therefore used mud or dirt in the old days to serve as a retaining wall for the solder they used in their work. This "dam" was, of course, of no value after it had served its purpose: hence the expression, "not worth a tinker's dam." The spelling *damn*, sometimes used, is a corruption of the original.

— DAVID T. ARMSTRONG

ENGLISH vs. AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS

By J. FRANK DOBIE

THERE is more difference between the best and the sorriest newspapers in America, or in England, than there is between English newspapers in general and American newspapers in general. I am not speaking of make-up: I am speaking of what is made up. The best forms of journalism in either country are duplicated in the other. The lowest forms of American journalism, though present, are not so pervasive in England. There is, for instance, no English counterpart to the blatancy, vulgarity and anthropoid physical violence, magnifying prejudice without regard to truth, almost unrelieved by spiritual and intellectual values, which marks New York's *Daily News* — the paper which claims the largest circulation in the United States. London's *Daily Mirror* and *Sunday Graphic* are empty newspapers, but they do not cultivate malice. Indeed, I know of no newspaper in the United Kingdom that sets itself to cultivate malice towards any people or nation, as the Chicago *Tribune*, the *Daily News* and certain other American papers relentlessly cultivate it, in much the same manner

that the Nazis cultivated hatred of the Jews.

This is not to say that some English papers do not misuse headlines to propagate ideas, especially in the realm of politics, beyond what the news warrants. Sometimes the headlines promise sensations that facts cannot deliver. Just as irresponsible but facile American reporters put into the mouths of interviewed Englishmen a hackneyed language that was never used by any Englishman outside of folkloric melodrama, so irresponsible but facile English reporters ascribe a kind of preconceived speech to Americans. A glib New York journalist, for example, once reported the English novelist Gerald Kersh in these words: "He talks like every Englishman who ever lived. 'I dictate my novels, you know,' he said. 'Have a secretary and give it to her straight off. No rewrite, never touch the bloody stuff later, never look at it. Here on official business. Top stuff, old boy. Can't tell you, y'know.'"

Not long after I arrived in Cambridge in 1943, a reporter came down from London for an interview. He

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quoted me three times as saying, "Swell, that's fine" — a phrase I have never used. I offered him a cigarette, but he had me say, "Have a cigar" — because it is a part of English folklore that all Americans smoke cigars.

American newspaper men in England, especially if they have not been there long enough to learn how to read English papers, sometimes comment on the insularity of the British press. In this criticism they are comparing a few London papers, which are national, with two New York papers and perhaps a Chicago paper or two, which are not national. Also, I must make it clear that I am writing about present-day English papers, most of which have for years been limited generally to four pages. They do not have room for as many dispatches on foreign happenings as a few of the big American dailies print; yet over a period of time they seem to me to convey as much information and provide more interpretation in addition.

II

Whitaker's, the British equivalent of our *World Almanac*, publishes parallel statistics on the British nations, the United States, and "Foreign Countries." In the same way, the British papers do not consider American news foreign, as they do news from Egypt, or even from France or India. The British people's consciousness of the fact that their destiny is tied to America is reflected in the

many regular columns from America. English newspapers pay far more attention to the proceedings of Congress and the White House than American papers pay to those of Parliament.

One principle stands out in the coverage of world affairs in the better British papers. If there is not space for, or interest in, mere incidents happening every day all over the earth, there is a constant attempt to comprehend the policies of, and significant movements in, foreign countries. A constant reader of the excellent *News-Chronicle*, I do not recall having noted any mention of Albania in its columns for a long time preceding the recognition of the present Albanian government by the world powers. A 2000 word *News-Chronicle* story pegged on this recognition interpreted what had been developing in Albania since Easter Morning, 1939, when Italy invaded. It left the reader with a satisfactory conception of land and tax reforms that the strongly communistic Albanian government has effected. Interpretation that goes beyond mere episodic reporting characterizes the English papers.

In Vienna some months ago, I read in the American *Army Stars and Stripes* an account of the shooting of about thirty people by government troops in a Mexican city. There was no explanation. The incident was reported without any more implications than the finding of a diamond ring in a fish's belly. On the same day the diminutive *British Morning Post*,

issued by the British forces in Vienna, came out with the best article on Palestine I have ever read — not pro-British, not pro-Jewish, not pro-Arabian, merely pro-fact. It was news to me. It was in the best Fleet Street tradition.

I have heard GIs in England complain that English papers do not give anything but local news. Any person used to reading only home gossip, home politics, local society and sports doings in his own home paper would make the same complaint against any newspaper anywhere on earth away from his own dunghill. The best English newspapers are, like the old English universities, at once provincial and cosmopolitan. It is their provincialism that makes them representative of their own land and people; it is their cosmopolitanism that gives them balance and proportion.

III

The shortage of strictly rationed newsprint has for seven years now reduced advertisements in the British press to a minimum and reduced most papers to four pages, though the *Times*, by cutting down its circulation, has maintained from six to eight pages. Reports on sports, society, accidents and everything else have been severely cut, but the Britisher still gets his daily ration of news on horse races, greyhound coursing, cricket matches, important marriages and, above all, food — a haul of fish out of the North Sea, a promise of

wine from Australia, a cargo of wheat from Canada, the sugar beet tonnage in Lincolnshire. Anything scientific, whether pertaining to the atom or to the fertilizing properties of earthworms, will receive notice. Reviews of books, concerts, plays and films have kept their corners. Churchmen are always in the news. The shortage of houses and the progress towards not only more but better houses are constant themes, along with news of domestic appliances. A growing increase of space pertains to the household. Labor, taxes and exports always have their due. Reports both abbreviated and lengthy of what goes on in the Houses of Parliament, whether a critical bill is passed or not, keep the government near the people.

It is remarkable how the whole round of daily life has continued to receive attention in such cramped space. Only intelligent sorting could achieve such representation. To take two newspapers of the same class, both pronouncedly capitalistic and reactionary, one British and the other American, I can actually get more facts and learn more from a four page weekday issue of the London *Daily Mail* than I can from any forty-page Sunday issue of a Hearst paper that has ever depressed me.

Northcliffe, the empire-maker among newspaper publishers, started the first tabloid daily in the world in London. There are still tabloids in England, though they are second-rate newspapers, just as in America. All English papers reproduce pictures,

especially of people. The *Times* and the Manchester *Guardian* print the clearest and most beautiful landscape and architectural pictures that I have ever seen in newspapers.

When Emerson said, "Young man, be careful what you want, for you will surely get it," he was not prophesying but stating a fact. People may get more or they may get less of what they want — more flesh, less money; more of the sensual, less of the sensuous — but in the long run they get the kind of thing they want. A newspaper often fails to reflect the way its readers will vote on a particular issue; it generally reflects the sense of values and the sense of proportion that the great majority of its readers hold. I recall having read in one English outdoor magazine, designed for the sporting class, a very informing article on the passenger pigeon of America, and in another such magazine a delightful article on the nesting habits of terns. The passenger pigeon has long been extinct; the tern has never been a game bird. One will look a long while among American magazines published for hunters and fishermen to find well-written articles on forms of life that are not shootable or catchable. This kind of civilized balance, reflecting a sportsman's eager and sensitive interest in nature at large and in natural history, illustrates the sense of values and the sense of proportion found in the most representative English newspapers. These papers reflect the "mixture of the elements" in their readers.

Every good English paper has its own man-about-town or man-about-England columnist. These staff writers are more in the urbane manner of F. P. Adams than in the polemical, pile-driving manner of our Peglers and Winchells. No one of them goes in for mass production of gossip and scandal, with cohorts of contributory legmen and underground pipelines running across continents. "The Londoner's Diary" is an integral part of the *Evening Standard*; I have bought many a copy of the *Evening News* for John Carpenter's "Talk of the Day." Timothy Shy ("Beyond the Headlines") in the *News-Chronicle* is seldom short on good-natured irony. The *Daily Express*, which is certainly not caviar to the three and a third millions who buy it six times a week, maintains a "By the Way" corner that readers of the *Saturday Review of Literature* might delight in but that no Hearst editor would regard his subscribers as being sufficiently civilized to appreciate. Besides spoofing the world in general and sporting with Socialists in particular, it is a ragbag of literary chitchat. For example:

A purist takes objection to my story about the love potion which Broccoli drained at a draught. He says, "It is well known, except, apparently, by journalists, that strong drink is never used on the stage. If there is anything in the cup, it is innocuous." I can only refer my correspondent to paragraph 19 of Broccoli's contract with the Management of the Scala. It runs thus: —

"The Management undertakes to supply, free of charge, a litre of good, strong wine for the love-potion scene in *Tristram*

and Iseult; and enough good strong wine to fill any cup, can, tankard, glass, mug, bowl or other vessel from which the vocalist is called upon to drink in the course of fulfilling his other engagements. The vocalist shall not be called upon to share this liquor with any other member of the cast."

A sketch on the late Lord Keynes in one of the London papers speaks of his "impatience of inferior minds." I think that American journalists suffer more than English journalists do from a consciousness of "inferior minds," that they allow inferior minds to lower the pitch of what they have to say. Sometimes they seem to take the popular mind to be more inferior than it really is; often they seem afraid to be noble or thoughtful or to exercise the critical faculties when such would be in place.

Peterborough's "London Day by Day," in the high Tory *Daily Telegraph*, takes Doctor Johnsonian care "that the Whig Dogs should not have the best of it," but he never contends. His touchings on Parliamentary debates are apt to be in the manner of quoting Sir Alan Herbert (Independent M. P. for Oxford University) on a population bill not long ago. He "read a memorandum in verse":

They pulled down all the houses
where the children used to crowd
And built expensive blocks of flats
where children weren't allowed;
So if Father got a job there wasn't
anywhere to dwell,
And everybody wondered why the
population fell.
The world, in short, which never was
extravagantly sane
Developed all the signs of inflamma-
tion of the brain;

The past was not encouraging, the
future none could tell.
But the Minister still wondered why
the population fell.

IV

In politics the British press is not so abusive as the American. Newspapers generally reflect popular taste and ethics even when they do not reflect the popular mind. The British people are no longer Elizabethan: they are less violent, more subdued, more disciplined and rational than the American people. I am convinced that they are distinctly fairer in play.

The British press does not control the vote any more than the American press controls it. Roosevelt was re-elected with ninety per cent of the newspapers against him; Churchill's party was turned out with the big circulating newspapers, *Daily Express*, *Daily Mail*, etc., going beyond the limits of decency in fighting the Labour party.

The Manchester *Guardian*, open-minded Liberal paper designed for intelligent readers, and the Yorkshire *Post*, open-minded Conservative paper designed for intelligent readers, probably total not much more than 100,000 circulation; yet they probably exercise more political influence than the *Daily Express* with its three and a third millions. Political influence in England, perhaps more than in most other countries, comes not so much from immediate high-powered espousal of, or opposition to, current issues as from prolonged education.

Readers of the Manchester *Guardian*, even if it never took a stand at election time, could, by virtue of the sense of values derived from habitual reading of that great newspaper, be depended upon to vote intelligently. They could be trusted to apply to the hour's needs the spiritual and intellectual content derived from a lifetime of reading.

No other country in the world has in a newspaper such an institution as the *Times* of London. Many Americans mistakenly regard it as an organ of the government. In the long run, it no doubt exerts more influence on the government than the government exerts on it. According to a survey made by the Ministry of Information in 1943 on "Newspapers and the Public," only two per cent of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom see the *Times*. Among those two per cent, however, are the leaders and makers of public opinion, the people responsible to society and to government. It carries more than twice as many financial advertisements as any other national daily; it gives the fullest stock market reports; it represents capitalism. But it gives Prime Minister Attlee as full a hearing as it ever gave Churchill. It publishes a weekly *Educational Supplement*, a weekly *Literary Supplement* and a monthly *Trade and Engineering Supplement*.

While it was fighting for reform more than a hundred years ago, the *Times* won the name of "The Thunderer." When, early in the present century, Lord Northcliffe acquired

the paper, many English people felt as Americans might have felt had Barnum secured control of Mount Vernon. Northcliffe was big business in mass-production journalism, a kind of William Randolph Hearst with, however, more respect for public intellect. He had the paper long enough to modernize it and invigorate it, but not long enough to make mere circulation its primary asset. He disclaimed all desire to change its policies, but he could not keep his hands off it entirely. His motto for the *Daily Mail*, "Better be blackguarded than ignored," was not extended to the *Times*.

After Northcliffe's death Major John Jacob Astor took steps to assure inviolability to the *Times* as a national institution. In 1922 he bought a controlling interest in the stock and formed a holding company with a charter designed to prevent sale to any purchaser except through a body of trustees consisting of the Lord Chief Justice of England, the Warden of All Souls College, Oxford, the Governor of the Bank of England, the President of the Royal Society and the President of the Institute of Chartered Accountants. The idea is to prevent control of the *Times* from ever falling into the hands of persons considered undesirable from the point of view of national welfare and national civilization.

"We cannot escape history," but the *Times* is not committed to ancestry. While the war was at its height in 1944, it inaugurated the world's first air edition, printed on India

paper. It is always conscious of three traditions: the impartial presentation of news without regard for editorial opinion; the maintenance of accuracy as to facts; the absolute divorcement of editorial and advertising departments. It holds that while news must influence opinion, opinion must not color the news.

The *Times* cannot prevent a person from becoming opinionated, but whoever reads it consistently stands a good chance of being informed and of acquiring a cultivated taste. It has a dignity that Fleet Street — newspaper row — sometimes likes to puncture, but its dignity never keeps it from feeling at ease. Vulgar familiarity was never urbanity.

Thoroughness, with the *Times*, embodies evaluation. Does a great bookbinder die, or "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," an authority on stained glass, an American general, an Italian poet, an Austrian musician? Look for his obituary in the *Times*. The character sketch may on occasion appear a day or two later than the notice of death, not because of lack of energy but because of presence of judgment. It will chronicle the subject's achievements, evaluate his significance and be both readable and preservable.

The "Letters to the Editor" of the *Times* have been called "the most valuable free copy in the world." Any topic of public interest that is brought up is almost sure to prompt the most distinguished authority in the land, often a succession of authorities, to

"write to the *Times* about it." Fools are not suffered gladly or otherwise. The letters may be on a trivial subject — a flea in a cat's ear — but they are never trivial themselves. Some amount to articles. Give the bulldogs any bone, and they will not let go until they have sucked out the marrow. Wits, poets, members of Parliament, farmers, preachers, all kinds of men who use their brains — the majority of them not at all professional writers but many of them superior to the professionals — write to the *Times*.

The symposium may be over how well Landseer, who sculptured the great bronze lions guarding the Nelson Column on Trafalgar Square, knew lion anatomy; it may be on the harm *versus* the good done by badgers or crows. The exhibition of Picasso and Matisse in the Victoria and Albert Museum last fall opened one of the most vivid epistolary battles of modern art wars. Before that, there had been a succession of letters concerning forestry that any person interested in soils, climates and trees might learn from. If all the letters on the atomic bomb contributed by George Bernard Shaw, scientists and non-scientists were assembled, they would give a pretty fair cross section of the world's best response to that "most dreaded instrument."

"There is," says Pierre Maillaud in his illuminating book, *The English Way*, "no branch of human society, however remote and minute, whether useful or altogether odd, which does not turn out to have been explored by

some Englishman. A controversy on the French ejaculation 'zut' which raged a few years ago in the columns of the *Times*, unloosed a torrent of learning which would have swept a Paris philologist off his feet."

V

Lord Northcliffe had a strong interest in what he called "natural history news." His tempo was not that of Hawthorne hedges, beside which some people always have time to linger

And stare as long as sheep and cows,

but even in the most nervous British papers you will find news items and letters from contributors on natural life. "A Country Diary," "The Course of Nature," "The Open Air" and "Nature's Calendar" are some of the regular features.

One peculiar feature of the British press is that none of the dailies issues a Sunday paper. There are Sunday papers, the *Observer* being the best and *News of the World*, with stories of sex, hangings and scientific wonders sometimes published also in Mr. Hearst's "Great American Weekly," the most widely circulated. These Sunday papers are separate institutions; the *Sunday Times* has nothing to do with the *Times*.

It is always dangerous to generalize, but I think that proportionally more English papers are published for the welfare of the people and not basically for the profit of the publishers and the purpose of keeping the status quo of

big business than in America. I am looking now at a pro-Labour Sunday paper called the *Reynolds News*. It is on the sensational side, published for the masses, but a sympathetic article in this issue about Gandhi and another exposing Franco activities illustrate the difference between educating the public on the public's own level and just opiating the public into opinion.

One subject openly treated in English newspapers is generally taboo in American papers. That is the political activities of the Roman Catholic Church. The English learned generations ago to distinguish between religious faith and church politics. The history of their own Established Church has helped them make the distinction as applied to Rome. Inclining to share in this ability to distinguish, the Catholics in England do not set up the howl of "Persecution!" every time some realistic writer, who is likely to be disinterestedly tolerant so far as pure religion is concerned, implies the distinction. Traditionally, the Catholics of England are less worshipful of papal pronouncements than are the Catholics of America.

As an illustration of the kind of discussion the Roman Church might receive in almost any British newspaper: Michael Foot, in an article entitled "Why Fear the Atom?", quotes the Vatican City *Osservatore Romano* as seeing in the frightfulness of the atomic bomb "full justification for the long war against science that the Catholic Church has waged." Foot, a modern man who happens to

be a Member of Parliament as well as a writer of articles for newspapers, is naturally opposed to a retreat from science. His recognition of the fact that the Catholic Church has officially been against science from the time of the discoveries of Copernicus and Galileo to the development of birth control would not readily be printed by an influential newspaper in the United States. One may learn from press reports a good deal about the American zone of occupied Germany but one will have to read more American newspapers than I have read to learn much about the domination of the American Military Government's education program in Bavaria by the Catholic clergy. The subject is simply taboo.

It is not government domination that keeps the press in either Britain or America from being free. Special interests restrain newspapers in both countries; but in England at least the papers can openly recognize the fact of clerical politics, whether at home or abroad.

VI

There are no schools of journalism in England. Some thinkers in America would regard this as not a disadvantage to the newspapers. Like Ameri-

can schools of education, our schools of journalism have often consumed student time with "the unctuous elaboration of the obvious." I have known reporters who had studied books on interviewing and heard lectures on interviewing but didn't know enough history or have sufficient general knowledge to ask intelligent questions or understand intelligent remarks. Talking to them was like having to spell all the words to a stenographer who was, however, an expert typist.

Some years back the University of London offered courses in journalism, but they were a war casualty. In the light of educational reforms now progressing in Great Britain, Tom Clarke, an outstanding London newspaperman who had charge of the University of London instruction in journalism, recently made this statement: "The standard of education for routine newspaper work will need to rise above the common level. No field of human endeavor will call for a wider variety of powers of intellect and character than that of the men and women who write for the press. News will need to be presented as never before, in this bewildered world, with knowledge, with truth, with balance and with decency. Journalism and the universities should get together."



GI TRADERS IN EUROPE

BY BOOTON HERNDON

OF THE millions of American troops packed up and sent to the European Theater of Operations at various times, some have stayed, permanently and underground; many have come away with serious shortages in anatomy and health; most have gotten out ostensibly unchanged; but some have returned a great deal better off financially than they were when they went in. Perhaps no soldier or civilian technician hit the million-dollar mark, but hundreds, if not thousands, have accumulated nest eggs large enough to support them a lifetime or to start them off grandly in civilian life.

During the two years plus that have passed since D-Day, the opportunities to amass a small fortune from a personal investment of nothing at all have been numerous, and required nothing more than some energy and an eye open to finance. Although some of the deals made were of sufficient magnitude to reach public notice, by far the majority of the GI traders amassed their pile without benefit of publicity. At the same time a colonel who shipped home two race-

horses from Germany was answering questions propounded by the press, a colored soldier was, without fanfare, en route back from a French port to his station under armed guard to undergo an investigation concerning his sixty thousand dollars worth of German marks; and yet other soldiers were proceeding quietly home to the bank account they had been storing up without ostentation.

Of course, as the war drifts further and further back into memory, and the fresh young occupational military police, with revised regulations to enforce, take over in our zones in Europe, the good old days of easy money also go back into limbo. Now it takes smooth operation to make a soldier wealthy — although a man with a pack of cigarettes or a bar of chocolate is never broke.

II

In continental Europe, where money is cheap and all tangibles dear, the American soldier, with his cigarettes, candy, uniforms, blankets, gasoline

BOOTON HERNDON was with the American Army in Europe, first in the Medical Department and later in the Corps of Engineers. At one point he was in charge of a hotel in Germany. He was a newspaperman and public-relations director before the war.

and other innumerable articles, is always potentially wealthy. The European never had a moral code against the black market; the GIs managed to lose theirs in a hurry. Of course, not much sympathy was expended on the officers and men of a Railway Operating Battalion who sold, during the war, wholesale lots of cigarettes destined for front-line men; but nowadays, just as a year or two ago, the man who is offered a dollar a pack in Paris or a dollar apiece in Berlin for cigarettes which he himself bought and are his legally, usually makes the deal in clear conscience. The same holds true for candy and chocolate.

During combat, when GI uniforms and blankets were expendable, it was easy for a soldier to convince himself that the sale of a blanket for twenty, thirty or forty dollars in French, Belgian or Luxembourgish francs, Dutch guilders, German marks or Austrian schillings was not *actually* dishonest; the occupation soldier is convinced that sale of such material is not *very* dishonest. Small-scale sales of such items have kept many a crap game going, and the winnings of a dice-wise player who hits a lucky streak may run into thousands. The same set of circumstances that makes a cigarette worth a dollar, a piece of chocolate fifty cents, a can of beans an hour of love, also sets a false value on such articles as precious metals and stones, cameras, leather and cloth, and results eventually in an exaggerated market in money itself. Trading in money has brought a fortune to many.

On Utah Beach, in the drive across France and Belgium, and in other numerous enveloping actions, the Germans often pulled out in too much of a hurry to salvage all their belongings. Left behind were money, cameras, binoculars, pistols and jewelry. The principle of "finders-keepers" works in the army, and the men who braved the possibility of booby traps or bullets were often rewarded. Cameras, binoculars and pistols found a market among souvenir-conscious rear-echelon troops, and even among the civilian population, which was conscious that something worth money is of more value than the money itself. An officer who had paid five hundred dollars for a Leica that had been found in the Siegfried Line went into a Brussels shop in search of film. In two minutes he found himself with no camera and almost a thousand dollars worth of Belgian francs. The benefits to vendor and buyer are obvious; the lieutenant converted the francs to dollars, with which he can buy another Leica for far less than a thousand dollars in the States, and the merchant now has a camera whose value will not fluctuate, in return for francs whose worth at that time, before the Belgian stabilization, was anybody's guess.

Money just doesn't mean much in the aftermath of a war. Among American troops, a good camera's standard price was five hundred dollars, and a P-38's or Luger's half that. As for the money left behind by German soldiers, few GIs were astute enough

to save the bales of German marks they found, although markets were later set up in which German Reichsmarks could be exchanged through money rings at the rate of ten thousand German to six thousand Allied invasion marks, or one thousand dollars to six hundred dollars. A ring of this sort was particularly active in Trier, and probably still is. Enough French, English, Belgian and American money was found abandoned in dugouts, or on the dead, wounded and captured, to set up many men for life. One sergeant in a Graves Registration Company collected seven thousand dollars in his first five days of action in Normandy. Ambulance drivers were frequently able to send home several money orders over and above their pay.

The French franc was at a low ebb right after the liberation, despite Allied efforts to peg it at a higher purchasing level than it deserved. Translated into purchasing power, a ten-dollar bill would bring, roughly, fifteen hundred francs. By legal exchange it would, according to the figure set by Britain and America in pre-invasion days, bring about five hundred francs. On the black-market exchange a ten-dollar bill could be sold for two thousand francs (about forty dollars according to the official conversion tables). Thus, if the wife of a man stationed in or near Paris, which was the center of the market, sent him a ten-dollar bill every day, he could send her back two hundred and eighty dollars a week, by money

order. Exchange in pounds sterling was also high, but not proportionally so; one reason for this was the fact that it was easier to communicate with a correspondent in England without letting the censors in on the plan, and therefore the supply of pounds was greater. The principal use of British and American notes to the French was in international black market operations; it was much easier to buy goods with American or British currency, and it still is.

In Luxembourg a flourishing market was built around the gold pieces of that little country. A Luxembourg gold coin was worth, at official rates, a dollar and a quarter. But the gold in the coin, by weight, would bring nearly forty-five dollars in the black market in Paris. As American Army transportation was the only means of travel between Luxembourg and Paris until some time after the Battle of the Bulge, military personnel going to Paris on leave or duty acted as messengers, for a commission. One of these messengers, an officer courier who went to Paris weekly, made much more money than he cared to admit to the postal authorities, and was temporarily at a loss to find a method of getting it home. The solution came to him in Brussels, where he bought three diamonds for fifty thousand dollars and a carton of cigarettes. He showed his purchase to a friend who knew diamonds, and who, upon learning the price, was shocked. It seemed that the officer had paid almost double the normal

value of the stones. The purchaser laughed. "So I've been stung, huh?" he chuckled. "Well, brother, sting me again. I love it."

III

With the experience garnered in the countries leading to Germany, the soldier-trader was set to make a killing, and did, in the Reich. Even before the fabulous markets between Americans and Russians sprang up in Berlin, Vienna and other points, opportunities were tremendous. With the capture of whole factories and warehouses, GI enterprise came into its own. A sergeant brought cases of captured cameras to his air strip and sold them, any amount to a customer, for the wholesale price of one hundred and twenty-five dollars each. To personnel going on leave to Paris, Brussels or the Riviera, the purchase of two cameras turned two hundred and fifty dollars into a potential thousand; to those homeward-bound, a camera for less than prewar price was the souvenir that the armchair commandos cry for. Asked why he let the cameras go so cheaply, the sergeant pointed out that the sale of so many cameras for a higher price would require more complicated marketing methods, involving transportation and leave, and that if he could get a furlough he had more interesting pursuits in Paris, Brussels or the Riviera than selling cameras. "Anyway," he said, "no one asks me where I got 'em from at this price."

Stocks of champagne, cognac, pistols, binoculars, shoes, clothes and other sundries were also transformed into cash. The infantry and close-support troops were still able to find objects of barter in each newly-taken town; the average life of a camera shop after the German army had left was about ten minutes.

One character in an armored infantry battalion which captured several towns became known throughout the outfit as "*The Bürgermeister*." His mode of operation was crude, flashy and tremendously effective.

Armed with his two automatics and a rough familiarity with the German language, he would stand up in his half-track before the city hall and fire a two-gun fusillade into the air. After this impressive introduction, he would inform the populace that he was now the *Bürgermeister*, announce the hours of curfew and lastly, issue a proclamation that all guns, cameras, binoculars and watches were to be piled on a table in the central room of each house. An hour later he would blast away again with both guns and proceed to make the collection. Barring accidents, such as dice with a tendency to come up to rest on box cars, the *Bürgermeister* should now be independent for life. His plan, examined analytically, contained all elements of success: preparation, daring, forthrightness and sound business sense. Only in rare cases did he bother with bulky objects, such as radios, or such easily concealable objects as jewelry; he knew his mar-

ket, and he knew his jobbers. The curfew gave him an air of legality, and the explosive fanfare was exactly the correct introduction to give his commands a certain authority that seldom was misconstrued. Further, as he was always with a forward element, he would be gone long before anyone with authority would appear.

Many Military Government detachments followed the *Bürgermeister* into town to curse their unofficial predecessor. In addition to finding the town stripped of loot, they were also faced by a conviction on the part of the civilian population that no order was effective unless preceded by a two-gun salute.

IV

A thriving market that required more preparation than that of cameras but paid much higher profits was the used-car business. Smooth handling and plenty of brass were prerequisites and it was also necessary to wait until an occupied area settled down a bit. It was usually handled by Military Government officers, real estate officers or area commanders. First, all the automobiles in the town were ferreted out of their hiding places and taken to a civilian garage commandeered for the purpose. After a check, the serviceable automobiles were formed into convoys. The lead vehicle would be an official car, a peep or command car carrying an officer equipped with proper credentials and movement orders for the convoy. The civilian

cars, driven by soldiers or Allied civilians, would follow, unchallenged, across the border into France or, less frequently, Belgium. As each car would carry a few tires salvaged from automobiles left behind, the whole shipment brought thousands of dollars on delivery.

The most fantastic off shoot of the automobile business was the shipment of custom-built Mercedes-Benzes and other high-powered limousines and convertibles to England — by air transport. A smaller-scale enterprise was carried on by Dutch, French, Belgian and Luxembourgish civilians hired by army units as interpreters. Their simple method was to locate a car, drive it home on leave, sell it, and hitch-hike back to their unit.

In the months following the invasion of Germany, little trade was carried on with the civilian population. Perhaps the main reason for this was a belief that it was ridiculous to trade with a German when loosening a pistol in a holster resulted in any number of free gifts, but another reason was the fundamental and, to a civilian, perhaps paradoxical honesty of the soldier. The Germans wanted one thing more than any other — food; and this the possessor was reluctant to give an enemy.

Prized articles on the French and Belgian black markets immediately after the Americans took over were American coffee, butter and other foodstuffs, but it took the end of a war, newcomers who had not learned to hate, and *Fräuleins*, to put Ameri-

can food into German bellies. The American combat soldier accepts without thought the premise that luxury items, such as radios and cameras and women, are rightfully his and the seizure thereof the mere collection of a just debt; but he will seldom, except under actual combat conditions or where his food supply lines have broken down, kill and eat a farmer's cow or pig. If, of course, as in the case of one Texas sergeant, he mistakes a heifer for a deer, it is another matter. This consideration of the civilian populace, so far as food is concerned, is one of the reasons for the comparative popularity of American and British occupation of Germany. The French occupation forces, for example, rounded up a majority of the milch cows in their towns and sent the milk back to their own kids — who needed it.

V

After the end of the war, when joint occupation of areas such as Berlin, Vienna and Bremen caused the armies of occupation to vie with each other, Germans finally began to edge into the market. In Berlin the price of a cigarette went to ten marks, or one dollar, and Berliners brought out hidden valuables to trade for food and clothing. The peculiar economic condition of plenty of money but nowhere to spend it was in existence even before the Russians were paid; after the thousands of Russian occupational troops drew back pay for

several months and came to town with pockets full of paper this peculiar condition became ridiculous. The GIs soon found that a Russian would pay the equivalent of from five hundred to two thousand dollars for the privilege of wearing a watch on his wrist. As few could tell time anyway, the mechanism of the watch, if any, received little consideration. A reluctant captain, with a pretty little Belgian padlock, finally consented under pressure to part with it for the minor consideration of four hundred dollars (it didn't have a wrist band). The captain, leaving hurriedly, looked over his shoulder to receive a last fleeting portrait of the Russian energetically shaking his new acquisition, trying to make it tick.

A young soldier who had brought a two-dollar candid type camera from America to England and across France and Germany, missing one opportunity after the other to promote a good one, finally sold it for the established price of five hundred dollars to a Russian, took the money back to a reinforcement depot, caught a couple of soldiers who had been cleaned in a crap game and were willing to part with their acquisitions cheap, bought from them a camera, a watch, and a pistol, returned to Berlin to sell the watch and gun, and finally retired from a week's whirl of manipulations with nine hundred and ninety-eight dollars clear profit, plus a good camera.

The first wartime measure aimed at curbing GI traders made it necessary

for any enlisted man, or officer under the grade of major, to have his commanding officer's signature on money-order applications. Although this may have prevented some illicit earnings, it was really not too effective. The captains and lieutenants, incensed not so much at the implication that they could not be trusted as by the *carte blanche* given the majors, colonels and generals, generally signed, in a blind fury, anything brought them, while the majors and colonels and generals, blithely earning their own way through Europe, seldom called up the required hypocrisy to question too conscientiously the junior officers.

The next blow was a restriction on sending money orders, or carrying money home, in amounts more than the monthly pay plus ten per cent. It was explained that it was an unfair burden to the folks at home to convert invasion marks, admittedly backed up by nothing more than four victorious armies, into American dollars. A stringent order against black-market operations was next issued by General Eisenhower; but in the military merry-go-round there are many circumlocutions, and business as usual was merely made a bit more difficult, not necessarily more curtailed. As all of these measures are designed to control actual hard cash sent from Europe to the States, dodges involving the use of, say, diamonds or horses became more frequent.

During one period the mailer of a package was required to state that the contents were of no military value,

were acquired by "legal purchase or free gift" and were not property of the government of the United States, and to have this statement certified by an officer. Now all that is required is the certificate of the officer that the parcel contains no government property, probably the result of a realization that anyone can prove anything in Germany as far as "legal purchase" is concerned. One particularly honest colonel, upon leaving the palatial residence in which he had taken up quarters, stripped the house of tapestries, silverware and chinaware, and had his enlisted men pack them carefully and mail them. The china was particularly fine, worth, the erstwhile owner maintained, a thousand dollars in the normal prewar market. The entire shipment required a dozen cases; the colonel, apparently adhering to the old-school custom of leaving the lady violated but compensated, chose the mantelpiece upon which to leave three hundred marks, or thirty dollars, in full payment.

The colonel was fortunate in that the house was to be taken over the next day by the Russians, as a result of a shift in zonal demarcations. Now an inventory must be filled out upon entering a private home, and checked before departure.

Trade is more difficult now, as the Allies seek to inhibit free enterprise in conquered or liberated countries to the extent that something will be left for the boys of the next war. Still, if you're going to Germany, better take along an extra pack of cigarettes.

It pays to know
when to relax!



If you set too fast a pace in work or play... worry too much... or often get upset emotionally, you waste your energy, and fatigue sets in.



Conserve your energy by avoiding such conditions. Store up more energy by getting enough rest, food,



fresh air,



and sleep.

If you are continuously listless or

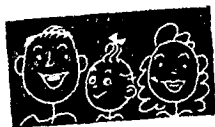
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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

THE EXTRAORDINARY HATTERS UNION

BY DONALD B. ROBINSON

SOME months ago a trade union president was called to Atlanta to confer with a prominent manufacturer.

"Max," said the businessman, "how much longer has our contract to run?"

"Six months," replied the unionist.

The manufacturer then explained why the unionist had been sent for.

"Business has been very good," he said, "and I want to show my employees that I appreciate their help. I would like, therefore, to start at once contributing three per cent of the payroll as a health fund for my workers. I want to draft it right into the union contract."

The union president studied the manufacturer for a moment. Then he declared, "No, thank you. Ours is a fair agreement. We wouldn't let you cut the standards; we see no need for you to raise them now. The contract does not expire for half a year and we'll live up to it as it is. But if you want to make the same offer in six months, we'll accept it then willingly."

The unionist was Max Zaritsky, president of the United Hatters, Cap

and Millinery Workers International Union (AFL). The action was typical of him and his union. Few other unions fight as hard for their members while working diligently at the same time to aid and protect their employers. Few other unions so politically conscious as the United Hatters veer so sharply away from maneuvers that might interfere with a strict conception of trade-union activity — to wit, improving the lot of the workers. And there are not many other unions whose ideological convictions are so carefully grounded on the belief that labor has just as many responsibilities as it has rights.

That is why, when the union recently negotiated a new contract for the women's hat industry in the New York area, it did not demand astronomical raises. Its members were averaging at least \$1.50 an hour for a thirty-five hour week and the union leaders believed that the industry, under existing price ceilings, could not afford a big pay boost.

"We did not want to burden the trade," explains Zaritsky.

DONALD B. ROBINSON was formerly labor editor for the New York Journal-American. He was recently discharged from the Army, in which he served on General Eisenhower's staff at SHAEP.

The union contented itself with securing correction of certain piece-rate inequities, a guarantee, for the first time, of a week's paid vacation, and the establishment by the employers of a health benefit fund.

Union members were as satisfied as manufacturers. Esther Mahler, a young worker at the Simon Platt factory, wrote to the union officials to thank them "for the beautiful program you have won for us." G. Howard Hodge, president of the National Association of Ladies' Hatters, stated, "I can freely say that both the leaders and the members of the union are interested in the welfare of the industry as a whole." Said Walter K. Marks, president of the Eastern Women's Headwear Association, "The union leaders are all right! They are sincere in their efforts to cooperate with the industry."

Cooperation with the industry is the key to the union's admittedly non-typical approach to collective bargaining. President Zaritsky states it simply: "The union is fully aware that the hat, cap and millinery industries have been 'sick industries' for some time. The international therefore deems it necessary to cooperate with the industry in an effort to eliminate the evils responsible for the existing chaotic conditions."

Although the traditional custom in the men's hat industry has been to negotiate labor agreements separately with each employer, Zaritsky's union now generally deals directly with employer associations.

"Such procedure," according to the union, "enables the industry and the union jointly to consider problems of mutual interest, such as sales, competitive practices and the displacement of men by machines, as well as such labor problems as employment, wages and hours of work. It eliminates the fear of an individual employer that cooperation with a union on a specific problem might put him at a disadvantage in competing with other employers. Joint action between a group of employers and the union thus tends to standardize not only wages and working conditions but general production practices and acts as a stabilizing influence on the industry."

In the New York and other major millinery markets, the union has gone further and helped institute the "impartial chairman" system whereby all disputes are submitted to a permanent arbitrator and resort to picket lines is completely avoided.

As a result of these union policies, peace reigns today in the hat, cap and millinery trades to an extent, to quote Zaritsky again, "that was hardly dreamed possible less than a generation ago." There has not been a general stoppage since 1932. There was not one strike on military work during the entire war.

II

More than a century of experience has proved to the United Hatters that its members suffer when the industry is ill, that they stand to gain only when

the industry is showing a profit. Thus, after NRA died, the union invited millinery manufacturers to participate in a drive to end the cutthroat business practices that were ravaging the industry. The union joined with manufacturers to set up the Millinery Stabilization Commission, composed of representatives of both groups, with power to formulate and enforce such fair-trade practices as regulations governing discounts, returns, etc.; to give advice on production methods, styles and cost accounting; and to issue a Consumer's Protective Label to mark millinery made under fair trade and labor standards.

To the manufacturers the work of the commission meant reduction of bankruptcies, which ten years ago were running to twenty per cent a year, to virtually none. To the union, the effectiveness of the commission has meant more work for more members.

But that was not as far as the unionists were willing to go to help the industry. "It is up to us to help the employers make more money," they decided. Consequently they embarked in combination with the millinery manufacturers on a program to promote the sale of women's hats. A promotion sub-committee was founded under the Stabilization Commission, with the union as a highly active participant.

This committee arranges for the most fashionable hat designers in the United States to create striking new designs in hats. It sees to it that Hollywood stars wear the new hats in

films; it introduces them in hoop-la fashion shows throughout the country; it plugs them in newspapers and magazines. New modes are thus popularized and America's women start running toward the nearest hat shop.

Here again the union places the industry's interests ahead of simple orthodox unionism. If a new and "original" style emanates from one of the few remaining non-union manufacturers, the union joins in backing it as heartily as it does a hat carrying the union label.

The union's "sense of industrial responsibility" came particularly into view when the men's cap trade fell into a catastrophic decline. In this case the union took positive action even before the manufacturers in an effort to rescue a threatened industry.

The threat arose out of a change in American men's taste in headgear. As late as 1929, millions of Americans wore caps for sports and at work. At the beginning of the thirties, male tastes swerved. Some \$35,900,000 was spent on caps in 1929; by 1937 the figure had dropped to \$11,750,000. Employment dropped from a peak of 7500 in 1919 to 3450 in 1937, and most of these workers were employed only part time.

The usual labor position in a recession of this sort is defensive: fight to resist lengthened hours and cuts in wages. The United Hatters took the offensive. Out of its own limited funds, it launched a huge promotional campaign to sell caps to Americans.

The campaign was successful enough

to revive the cap industry until the war brought Army orders for uniform caps and production soared. Now the industry again faces the threat of idle factories. The union is already at work, drawing up plans for a new drive to sell the produce of one of "its" industries.

III

The history of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers International Union was marked by almost every trouble known to the labor movement. It has suffered jurisdictional disputes and adverse court decisions; it has had to fight invasions by Communists and by racketeers; and it has had to withstand vicious attacks by employers. Despite all this, today it has more than eighty per cent of the total headwear industry organized (seventy per cent in men's hats, ninety per cent in caps, and eighty per cent in women's hats). Some 40,000 workers are its members. Its wages and working conditions compare favorably with the best in the United States. Its recipe for healthy union life and development merits the attention of the labor and industrial world.

The manufacture of hats was one of the first domestic industries to develop in the American colonies. As early as 1640, home-made hats were being used for barter. In the early 1700's hat-making had become one of New England's important industries. Wool hats cost forty to eighty cents; beaver

felts were priced from \$2.50 to \$3.50 apiece. The first hat shop in Danbury, Connecticut, now the principal manufacturing center of men's headwear, was started in 1780 by Zadoc Benedict, who employed one journeyman and three apprentices. By 1801, at least one Danbury factory was producing as many as 20,000 hats a year.

The first union of hat workers was founded in Danbury in 1810. Twelve years later, some New York City journeymen organized a union, too, and made labor history by demanding a "union shop." They refused to work for the firm of Jager & Haines unless it agreed to discharge one David Acker who was unwilling to abide by the union's rules. At once the union members were haled into court and convicted of conspiracy.

The United Hatters of North America came into being in 1896, when two separate national unions of hatters, established two years before, were combined. At that time, hatters were averaging about eighteen dollars for a fifty-five- to sixty-hour week. Apprentices had to sign indenture agreements vowing to serve their "masters" faithfully and obey their legal commands, not to contract matrimony during the term of the agreement, not to play cards, dice or any unlawful game, and not to visit alehouses, taverns or playhouses. If they were able to abide by these regulations and also perform their work satisfactorily, they received the munificent wage of two dollars a week.

The United Hatters at once set

a vigorous organizing campaign going. The hat manufacturers reacted strongly. One Danbury hat concern, backed by anti-labor employer groups, sued the union for violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act. The Supreme Court ruled against the union and awarded triple damages of more than a quarter-million dollars to be paid by it. This legal blow practically crippled the United Hatters until NRA days, and the men's hat industry for a time remained largely non-union.

Better progress was made in the cap and millinery lines. Here immigrant labor successfully revolted against sweatshop conditions with salaries of five and six dollars a week. The American Federation of Labor entered the field in 1901 by chartering the United Cloth Hat and Cap Workers; in 1910, this union's field was widened to encompass millinery workers and progress was quickly made in organizing these two industries.

Fierce jurisdictional wars soon broke out between the United Hatters and the Cloth Hat and Cap Workers. Strikes and counter-strikes ensued and continued until 1934 when, under the aegis of the AFL, the two units were merged into the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers.

Aided by the labor policy of the New Deal, the amalgamated organization quickly advanced in effectiveness, size and prestige. In the men's hat industry workers who received thirty to forty cents an hour before World War I now receive minimums of \$1.18

to \$1.75 an hour for a forty-hour week. Cap and millinery workers have risen to minimums of \$1.35 to \$2.85 in the New York area and \$1.00 to \$1.85 elsewhere for a thirty-five-hour week.

IV

Much of the credit for the record of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers Union must go to Max Zaritsky, the pint-sized, bespectacled, shrewd leader who has been its president for the past ten years. He is a professional labor leader, educated on the soap box and the picket line, who has developed a strong sense of social and political responsibility in the industrial-labor field.

In Zaritsky both the workers and the employers have an effective champion. In 1938 he threatened to shut down every factory producing men's hats in America unless they ceased using mercury as a chemical agent in refining fur felts. Hundreds of workers were then dying each year of "hatters' shakes," as mercury poisoning was called. Insurance companies were refusing to issue workmen's compensation policies to men's hat concerns; workers had to sign waivers to get jobs.

Zaritsky persuaded the Connecticut health authorities to make an investigation. They found that an average of one out of four employees was contracting the disease.

Armed with their report, Zaritsky called a meeting of Danbury hat man-

ufacturers. He gave them exactly one year in which to find a harmless substitute for mercury. "If you can't do away with mercury," he asserted, "I'll do away with men's hats in America. I'm positive that no American wants to wear a felt hat stained with blood."

The manufacturers found substitutes. And the union succeeded in having regulations adopted in Connecticut, New Jersey and twenty-four other states forbidding the use of mercury in hat factories.

Yet it was the same Zaritsky who personally sponsored the action of the state of Pennsylvania when it recently awarded its annual medal for promoting good labor relations to Dale Purves, former vice president and industrial relations manager of the John Stetson Company. After many years as an anti-union bastion, the Stetson firm signed with the union in 1936. Thereafter Zaritsky handled its labor questions with kid gloves and soon educated both the management and the workers to an appreciation of industrial give-and-take. Before long, there were no better friends than the Stetson Company and the union executives. To climax the years of amiability, Zaritsky recently used every political connection he had in Harrisburg to have the Pennsylvania medal awarded to the Stetson official.

At the ceremony, Purves turned to Zaritsky and the other union leaders present and said, "This medal belongs as much to you as to me."

Max Zaritsky's career as a labor leader was begun at an early age. He

was born in the tiny town of Petrikov in Russia in 1885. When he was fifteen years old his father placed him in charge of lumbering operations on family land. Young Max promptly instituted a five-day week, then unheard of, for the peasants. His father rapidly found another manager.

In December 1905, Zaritsky arrived in the United States. An uncle who was a cap manufacturer in Boston employed him then with a promise of taking him eventually into the firm. Zaritsky was more than willing to enter the firm, but he objected to the sweatshop conditions in the plant. He promptly organized and participated in a strike of his uncle's employees. That ended his business career.

In 1911, Zaritsky went to work as an organizer for the United Cloth Hat and Cap Makers Union. Seven years later he became its president. In 1936 he was elected president of the United Hatters, Cap and Millinery Workers.

For all that he has spent much of the past thirty-five years in the fight for union rights, Zaritsky is today a stalwart exponent of free enterprise, opposed to undue governmental interference in business or labor.

"American labor," he says, "is firmly opposed to any effort to restrain personal initiative and free enterprise. It knows all too well that such restraints would only lead to a curtailment of its own liberties. Labor's prosperity and well-being cannot be achieved by chaining free enterprise and bludgeoning industry into submission or extinction.

"Labor can prosper under free enterprise. And free enterprise can prosper through the cooperation of organized labor. Working together, enlightened free enterprise and intelligent organized labor can really make America truly free and strong and prosperous."

Zaritsky is no conformist to the usual labor-leader pattern. A thoughtful, well-read man who chooses his words carefully, he speaks of himself as a "militant progressive." In 1935, when most AFL leaders, in his opinion, were "too smugly self-satisfied to care about organizing the vast multitudes of American workers," he joined with John L. Lewis, Sidney Hillman and seven other labor leaders in setting up the Committee of Industrial Organization to unionize the mass-production industries. This he did against the opposition of many of his own union associates.

Two years later, after the CIO had made great strides in the steel, automobile and other industries, he decided to withdraw from the Committee. He says now that he dropped out because he felt that the CIO's leaders were out to set up a dual organization for their "personal grandeur."

A fervent supporter of President Roosevelt, Zaritsky broke with the AFL's traditional "non-political platform" in 1936 and threw all his energies into the founding of the American Labor Party in New York State. Communist inroads into the new Party, he says, disgusted him and he later withdrew his support.

A convinced anti-Communist, Zaritsky has waged relentless war against attempts by Communists to gain power within his organization. Open hostilities broke out some years ago when the Communists seized control of Trimmers Local 43. The Local called strikes solely to embarrass the parent organization, and even went so far as to order its members to act as scabs during legitimate walk-outs of other Millinery Workers locals. Zaritsky cut the ground from under them by merging their Local 43 with a loyal unit, Local 24. When the Communists refused to obey the order of the International Union's General Executive Board to merge with Local 24, Zaritsky led a fight to clear the millinery factories of Communist members and sympathizers and replaced them all with loyal members.

His determined opposition rooted out all vestiges of Communist influence from the Millinery Workers Union. "Our union will not tolerate the subversive, divided loyalties of Communists whose fealty is never to the workers and the labor movement but always to a foreign political party and country," Zaritsky avers. "We will not compromise principles."

V

Ten years of Zaritsky's leadership have brought the United Hatters to the forefront of progressive American trade unions. Members pay only forty or fifty cents weekly dues and initiation fees of three to ten dollars for

health benefits, social and educational advantages, as well as high wage and working standards.

The union's books are always open to members. Audited accounts are published regularly. The union is no happy hunting ground for money-seeking officials: Zaritsky himself gets only \$150 a week, and local officers make between \$50 and \$100.

United Hatters Union members have as much, or more, democracy as the card-holders in any other union in America. The union constitution requires each new recruit to take an oath pledging himself never to discriminate against a fellow-worker "on account of creed, color or nationality."

To prevent such one-man rule as exists, for instance, in the United Mine Workers or the American Federation of Musicians, there are numerous constitutional provisions limiting the president's powers. Zaritsky cannot, for example, disregard or amend the constitution as can, say, James C. Petrillo of the Musicians. Neither can any member be fined or punished without approval of the General Executive Board, and its decision can be appealed to the convention.

To make sure that racketeers cannot infiltrate into the organization, the constitution provides that no one can be elected to office in a local until he has held membership in good standing for at least a year in the International Union and nine months in the local. That gives members a chance to know well each candidate for office.

That the Millinery Workers are

keenly awake to the dangers of racketeers is natural in view of their past experiences. During the thirties, some of the toughest thugs in New York, with Tammany help, took over the Blockers local. Others formed independent rival unions; still others "signed up" with certain manufacturers, promising to "protect" them against the union.

Union pleas for aid to the district attorney, a Tammany man, went unheeded. Finally, in desperation, a committee of seven hundred volunteers was formed. These "vigilantes" went from "protected" shop to shop, calling the workers out on strike. Thugs who tried to interfere were handled as the situation required. Racketeer after racketeer was warned to stay out of the millinery district, and none made the mistake of ignoring the warning more than once. Finally they left the Hatters alone.

Now, more than ever before, the union officers are on guard against malfeasance in office. It was not long ago that Zaritsky discharged a local officer merely because he accepted a Christmas present of twenty-five dollars from a manufacturer. "The man was a fine unionist, an idealist, and he had no ulterior motive in accepting the gift," declares Zaritsky, "but everyone in our union has to be far above suspicion."

Today every official of the United Hatters is above suspicion. The union itself is above suspicion in its efforts to achieve a better world for its workers and its employers.

HAWAII'S CLAIMS TO STATEHOOD

BY DANIEL JAMES

THE Territory of Hawaii is again, for the fifteenth time in forty-three years, knocking at the doors of our Union for admission as a state. With bills already introduced into both houses of Congress, the nation may this year witness a fierce national debate over the issue, for this time Hawaii does not intend to let its claim be rejected without being heard.

First of the big guns to go off in the current campaign was a forthright plea for statehood issued last December by the then Secretary of the Interior, Harold L. Ickes. Mr. Truman broke a Presidential precedent by following immediately thereafter with his personal endorsement. Still another precedent was shattered when a congressional committee returned from Hawaii in January and unanimously reported its approval. And no sooner was J. A. Krug installed as Ickes' successor last April than he too supported the Hawaiian position.

Various members of Congress, which must ultimately decide Hawaii's fate, have likewise taken a positive stand. Senator William F. Knowland of

California has sponsored a statehood bill in the Senate; a counterpart has been introduced in the lower chamber by Hawaiian Delegate Joseph R. Farrington. Senator Millard E. Tydings of Maryland, chairman of the Senate Territories Committee, has promised that he will report favorably on the bill. House Minority Leader Joseph Martin of Massachusetts has indicated he will back the bill. In fact, a surprising number of key legislators of both parties from Eastern, Western and Southern states have committed themselves in favor of Hawaiian statehood.

But the Hawaiians are taking no chances. They have experienced too many failures in the past. Under the leadership of Delegate Farrington they are now determined to make a do-or-die attempt. One of their most important successes to date has been to enlist the support of the Big Five, which in the past has always opposed statehood. The holdings of the Big Five—a term which includes the firms of American Factors, Alexander and Baldwin, C. Brewer and Com-

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pany, Theo H. Davies and Castle and Cooke—cover sugar, pineapple, shipping, banking, insurance, tourism and utilities. No enterprise, large or small, exists in Hawaii without being directly affected by the over-all monopoly wielded by the group. Big Five support for statehood guarantees, among other things, a well-financed campaign. In addition, the fast-growing Hawaiian labor movement is enthusiastically behind statehood and has sent funds to the CIO Political Action Committee to push the campaign among labor.

Can Congress again refuse statehood to Hawaii, and get away with it? Previous bids were made in the era when Pearl Harbor was to many Americans only a romantic name. This try is being made after a four-year war which should have caused a revolution in American thinking, at least where the Pacific is concerned.

Hawaii is no mere frontier society suddenly emerging into civilized status, such as Arizona, New Mexico and other former territories were. It boasts an old and mature culture, a tradition of independence and self-government which extends back for centuries and a constitutional history which is a hundred years old. In modern times, it has become America's chief political, economic and military bastion in the Pacific.

Any consideration of Hawaii's demand for statehood will therefore have to begin with an analysis of Hawaii's strategic relationship to our postwar plans and aims in the Pacific.

II

"If Hawaii had been a state," a friend remarked to me in Honolulu last winter, "Pearl Harbor might not have happened. At least," he amended, "the disaster might have been lessened somewhat."

If America's ignorance of Pacific affairs contributed to the Pearl Harbor tragedy, this can be counteracted in the future by representatives from the Pacific sitting in Washington. If preparedness was neglected in part because only a territory was involved, Hawaiian congressmen may be a real guarantee that this shall not occur again. And finally, if, as seems quite likely, Hawaii may become the "capital" of new acquisitions in the Pacific, she will require all of the prestige and influence attached to statehood to administer them effectively.

A long-term view brings to mind our relationship with Asia, which is of primary importance in our foreign policy. We have seen that our basic security is surprisingly sensitive to trends in that area. Solution of the many problems facing us there will require great insight and understanding on our part. What could be more natural, then, than to use as a cultural and political bridge to Asia those Americans, the Hawaiians, who have most in common with Asia?

Statehood for Hawaii, with its large numbers of Chinese, Japanese, Koreans, Filipinos and others from the Pacific and the Far East, could not fail to produce positive results almost

immediately. For one thing, Asia would see that we really did not fight a "white man's war" and do not intend to pursue a "white supremacy" policy, but have extended our tradition of equality to include within our federation an interracial community that is not only beyond our continental borders but is intimately related to Asia itself. Asia would also see in Hawaii's elevation to the higher status a practical demonstration of our desire to assist other peoples in fulfilling their aspirations toward greater freedom. And finally, such an act would go far toward removing fears that we might revert again to isolationism — for how could the United States go isolationist with Hawaiian legislators sitting in its Congress?

In regard to the ethical and historical aspects of Hawaii's case, we have our own conscience to deal with.

Whether we know it or not, we are now practicing a policy toward Hawaii which one hundred and seventy years ago aroused us to revolution when practiced by George III of Great Britain. This is the policy of "taxation without representation." Hawaii has for forty-five years paid taxes into our Federal treasury, but has never been permitted to have the slightest say as to their expenditure. Moreover, the amount of these taxes — \$174 million — is now greater than that paid by fourteen states; and the Federal government returns to the territory in the form of grants only one-thirtieth of this sum!

If our conscience wants more prick-

ing, failure to include Hawaii in the Union will mean welshing on a half-century-old promise, for upon annexation in 1898, and within the Organic Act of 1900 creating the territory, the United States unequivocally pledged statehood at a future date. The Act of 1900 was modeled on similar legislation drawn up for Arizona and New Mexico, in which statehood was also promised, and, of course, later granted.

III

What are Hawaii's reasons for wanting statehood?

The Hawaiians regard entrance into the Union as fulfillment, first of all, of their democratic beliefs. Thoroughly imbued with American democratic philosophy and completely integrated into American culture, Hawaii regards her territorial status as a mark of inferiority, just as New York, Oregon or Virginia would in similar circumstances. The Hawaiians simply want as much freedom as all other Americans have. Currently, the President appoints the governor and judiciary of the territory, and Congress may veto any bills passed by the territorial legislature. There is always present the threat of unwarranted Federal interference, which only the rights of statehood can prevent.

During the war Hawaii was the only part of the United States to experience military dictatorship, under which civil government and all civil rights, including habeas corpus, were suspended. Investigation and court

action have since proven the illegality of this regime, but as a territory Hawaii was unable to prevent its formation.

Statehood would also remove the danger of Federal legislation of a discriminatory character, such as the Jones-Costigan Act of 1934, which put Hawaiian sugar on a restrictive quota with that of "foreign areas" like Cuba. This, in turn, would mean freer trade and competition with growers on the United States mainland.

Access to the mainland is at present virtually barred to many Hawaiians of Oriental descent, including citizens. With certain exceptions, non-Caucasians must go through humiliating and complicated customs procedures, as though they were in all respects foreigners. This is a particularly sore point with veterans and their families, and its final solution can be achieved efficaciously only through statehood.

Finally, creation of a state constitution and government would place more power in the hands of the people, whereas now legislative matters are largely dominated by those with most influence in Washington, who are usually the wealthy.

IV

On the basis of the foregoing it would seem that Congress cannot very well escape its responsibility to Hawaii, unless it seriously believes that the territory is unprepared for statehood. This opinion has hitherto been a serious obstacle in Hawaii's path, espe-

cially since a congressional committee which visited the islands in 1937 so reported its mind to Congress. But the subcommittee which held hearings in the territory only last January, under the chairmanship of Representative Henry D. Larcade, Jr., of Louisiana, has now returned an altogether different verdict. It interviewed 107 persons from all walks of life, in all of the important islands, over a period of two weeks. Its findings may be briefly digested as follows:

Hawaii's total population stands at 502,000, more than that of either Nevada, Wyoming, Delaware or Vermont. Of this number, eighty-five per cent were born in Hawaii or on the mainland. Illiteracy is non-existent; and a private investigation by the United States Chamber of Commerce reveals that standards of instruction are higher than in many states. Fully 85.03 per cent of those registered voted in the last territorial elections.

The islands cover 6454 square miles, twice the total for Delaware and Rhode Island combined. As everyone knows, most of the cultivable land is devoted to sugar and pineapple, which the subcommittee found to be reflective of a well-developed economy. Sugar, capitalized at \$175 million, does an annual business of about \$65,500,000; and pineapple, close to \$46 million. Before the war, the territory was the mainland's sixth best customer, yearly importing \$125 million in goods, and exporting in return just over \$100 million. Real estate valua-

tions are in excess of \$500 million, more than the total for any state ever admitted except Oklahoma.

Despite Hawaii's almost semi-colonial status, its legislation compares very favorably with that on the mainland. Unemployment laws are more liberal than anywhere else, excluding New York. Outside of Wisconsin, Hawaii is the only part of the United States which has a "Little Wagner Act" extending collective bargaining to agricultural workers.

Labor "has made strides during the past ten years," the subcommittee reported. Testimony of a labor leader revealed that the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union (CIO) grew from nine hundred members in 1940 to a present total of thirty-three thousand. The giant, semi-feudal sugar industry, which ferociously fought unionization for years, is now almost completely organized. Through CIO-PAC, labor has helped elect sixteen of the thirty representatives in the territorial legislature (including two unionists), and six of the fifteen senators. The subcommittee stated that in the Islands the CIO has sixty-eight affiliates, the AFL forty-six.

Congressman Lacarde's group found that "in 1943 Hawaii's death rates from eighteen causes were below the national median"; while venereal disease figures had dropped from 175 per 1000 in 1911 to 7.5 in 1945.

In sum, the subcommittee found that "The territory of Hawaii now meets the necessary requirements for

statehood. It is the recommendation of this subcommittee that the Committee on Territories give immediate consideration to legislation to admit Hawaii to statehood."

V

That was back in January. Insistent pressure has so far failed to make the chairman of the Committee on Territories, Representative Hugh Peterson of Georgia, take any action on the report. Only one thing can have kept it there — the Japanese issue.

In a statement made in April, Mr. Lacarde remarked that while "the attitude of my colleagues is favorable . . . some raise the Japanese question. . . ." Dread of Japanese domination has long been feared by those who oppose Hawaiian statehood. In 1937, Congressman John Rankin raised this issue, and he was not alone. Senator Ellender of Louisiana a few months ago exhibited more subtlety, declaring his preference for full autonomy instead of statehood, perhaps thereby foreshadowing a new approach by the opposition.

While some legislators from the generally race-minded South and anti-Oriental West Coast have, gratifyingly enough, proven to be among Hawaii's best friends, opposition will undoubtedly come in the main from those areas. Unfortunately, the race consciousness of both regions may influence the actions of their congressmen. Another factor in the South is the influence of the sugar growers.

It is a tribute to the fair-mindedness of sugar-growing Louisiana's Representative Lacombe that racial-economic considerations have failed to influence him, and that he has had his subcommittee look frankly into the Japanese question.

Anti-Japanese opposition has usually hinged on two theses: one, the Japanese-Hawaiians are disloyal, and cannot become true Americans; two, if Hawaii became a state, they would join forces to elect Japanese-Hawaiian congressmen.

Regarding the first argument, Lacombe's subcommittee declared: "... according to Robert L. Shivers, Federal Bureau of Investigation agent in charge at Honolulu, there was not one single act of sabotage or fifth column activity committed [by Japanese-Hawaiians] in Hawaii before, during or after the attack on Pearl Harbor." Again: "Although Americans of Japanese ancestry constituted only thirty-six per cent of the registrants under selective service, fifty-two per cent of the total inductions from December 1940 to September 1945 came from this racial group, because of the large number of volunteers."

The subcommittee also dwelt upon the heroic achievements of the famed 442nd Combat Team, mostly Nisei-manned, and listed some of the many American, French and Italian decorations and citations it has received.

On the charge of bloc-voting, the report stated:

"Such evidence of bloc-voting as

exists indicated that the practice has not assumed, and is not likely to assume, serious proportions. Members of the territorial legislature whose ancestry is Japanese constitute normally less than twenty per cent of the total membership, although 32.5 per cent of the total population of the islands is of Japanese descent." It may be added that not a single member of Honolulu's Board of Supervisors (a kind of city council) has ever been of Japanese origin.

More fundamentally, the Caucasians are increasing in numbers in Hawaii, while the Japanese population tends to remain static. The former have since Pearl Harbor succeeded the Japanese as the largest single ethnic group (172,583 to 163,300 Japanese). In any case, those of Japanese descent are outnumbered two to one by the combined total of the rest of the population.

Finally, there are as many differences of thought and opinion among the Japanese as among any other group. The same pattern of struggle between various generations of immigrants which has characterized groups of foreign origin on the mainland is being repeated in Hawaii, and the resultant cultural and political cleavages run very deep.

The anti-Japanese opponents of statehood are in reality anti-Oriental, or to put it more accurately, pro-Caucasian. Would the Rankins be more pleased if a senator of Korean origin or a representative of Chinese descent were elected?

A race-minded congressional reaction to Hawaii's demand for statehood would have serious repercussions throughout the non-white world, which comprises three-quarters of all mankind. Moreover, it would be a flagrant denial of the most basic fact about Hawaii, namely, that it is essentially as American as Massachusetts, Colorado or North Dakota. It is noteworthy that the mass of Americans on

the mainland believe this. In a Gallup Poll taken here in March, it was revealed that as much as sixty per cent of the United States public is in favor of statehood, while only nineteen per cent are opposed to it.

Congress thus has an unofficial mandate from the people, as well as an historical obligation to both Hawaii and the mainland, speedily to convert Hawaii into our forty-ninth state.



BRENT AND SON

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

Brent was a sour old buzzard in our town
Who'd clearly drunk himself into decay;
Defeat had dogged him even in a day
So gold that dollars fairly showered down.
His word was a snarl, his curses heaped the head
Of every man he met or knew save one:
He stood up straighter when he said, "My Son —"
And rarely spoke but what those words were said.

They said the apple falls close to the tree
And as towns have a way of being right,
The boy grew up a sullen mystery
Who drank his weekly wage each payday night.
Only one virtue we could see he had:
He stood up straighter when he said, "My Dad —"

WHAT IS KNOWN ABOUT STUTTERING

BY JACK SCHUYLER

THE affliction of stuttering is much more widespread in our country than is usually realized. If the totals of all the deaf and the blind in the United States are added together, the sum is much smaller than that of the 1,400,000 men, women and children who suffer from stuttering.

At one time a distinction used to be made between stuttering and stammering. It was thought that some people stuttered but did not stammer, and vice versa. The stutterer was a person who could not produce certain sounds; the stammerer was one who repeated the initial sound of a word, for example, and also forced certain words. Now it is believed that the causes of both symptoms are the same, and the term stuttering is used to include what was once commonly called stammering.

The symptoms of stuttering may be a pounding of the feet; a blocking of the lips or tongue against the roof of the mouth; spasmodic closing of the vocal cords; tensing of the diaphragm, which interferes with breathing; trembling of the lips, tongue or

vocal cords; or contractions of the muscles of the face, neck, shoulders or arms. The stutterer may stick out his tongue, puff out his cheeks, gasp, sigh, chew, gag, click his tongue or smack his lips. He may have either a very rapid or a drawling speech. In some, the voice is a monotone and in others over-inflected, giving the effect of singing. Sometimes the breath is drawn in during speech instead of being expelled. This causes all kinds of difficulties in making sounds and little squeaks are heard when the breath is expelled.

The conditions under which people stutter vary enormously. One stutters more under excitement and another less. One boy, involved in a traffic accident, could not talk at all. Another, when burglars were discovered in his room, let loose a torrent of speech. One child stuttered only when he had to speak a piece at school, while many stutterers experience no difficulty at all on the platform or stage. While some can talk freely to members of their own sex, others find it easy to speak only to members of the

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opposite sex. Some can talk when angry, others only when relaxed. Many stutter at school and not at home, while with others the opposite is true. Many stutter in one language and not in another, and frequently in these cases it is not the first-learned language which is favored. Some always stutter with strangers, some never.

To avoid speech some stutterers always try to eat in cafeterias and patronize stores where they can serve themselves. Some write letters rather than go through the humiliating experience of using the telephone. Many refuse social invitations and pass acquaintances on the street, pretending not to recognize them, so as to avoid the necessity of speech. A great number of stutterers give up their schooling only because they can no longer subject themselves to daily embarrassments.

The school child who stutters is afraid of losing social prestige and the respect of his fellows. As fear and insecurity grow, his spasms grow; the more he stutters, the more frightened he becomes; the more frightened and ashamed he becomes, the more he stutters. In spite of his efforts to keep from having spasms, they come with increasing frequency, length and force. He soon looks for tricks to stop them, from a stiffening or quivering of the lips and eyebrows to a violent jerking of the head and thumping of the arms and legs.

Soon a general bodily tenseness develops. Mental uneasiness and real

fear become apparent in a halting, shrinking manner of expression. He tends to hold himself in because he is afraid he will stutter. When he stutters or anticipates stuttering, he becomes aware of an increased heart beat and heightened blood pressure; he is conscious of flushing, perspiring and trembling, and with all this comes dread, anguish and a longing to escape.

II

Stuttering as a malady has always been known to civilization. There is an Egyptian hieroglyphic for it. Aristotle, Demosthenes and Aesop were some of the famous stutterers among the Greeks. The Roman Emperor Claudius is supposed to have written about his stuttering. Charles I of England, Charles Lamb, Erasmus, Darwin and Napoleon are believed to have suffered from it.

Aristotle was of the opinion that stuttering resulted from an inability of the tongue to keep pace with the imagination. Hippocrates attributed the malady to the presence of too much black bile in the system and advocated the use of healing oils and medicines on the throat and neck. Galen and later Francis Bacon believed stuttering caused by the absence of adequate heat in the speech mechanism, notably the tongue. The famous physician Celsus, in the first century B.C., recommended that the stutterer "retain his breath, wash the head with cold water, eat horse radish — and vomit."

As late as the nineteenth century it was believed (erroneously) that stuttering could be relieved by surgery. In France alone, it is said, more than two hundred stutterers were operated on during one year. Wedge-shaped portions were cut from the back of the tongue and various tongue muscles severed. In many cases the tongue was pierced with needles and cauterized. Sometimes wooden wedges were placed between the teeth. Smoking was often recommended as a sedative to the vocal cords, which were thought to be the main seat of the difficulty.

Today there are fifteen or more theories and as many more corrective techniques. But all current theories seem incomplete, in spite of considerable research. Some experts now believe that stuttering is caused by an organic injury to the brain or by defects of the nerves, but known cases of either of these are rare. Speech specialists who give phonetics or speech drill as the sole treatment are convinced that the disorder is caused by an obscure muscular defect of the tongue, or else is attributable to the fact that speech sounds were never learned correctly by the particular individual. A number of physicians hold the affliction can be traced to glandular difficulties, distortions of visual, auditory and kinetic images or lack of alkalinity in the blood.

Much has been written about the forced change from left-handedness to right-handedness as the cause of stuttering. This theory is based on the knowledge that the left side of the

brain controls the movements of the right side of the body: if a person is right-handed, the left side of the brain is dominant; if he is left-handed, the right side of his brain takes the lead.

Thus, according to this theory, teaching a left-handed child to write with his right hand forces the weaker side of the brain to take the initiative, thereby disturbing the entire nervous system and causing stuttering. However, recent investigations do not support this theory. For example, in a survey of 1600 entering students made at Syracuse University some years ago, it was found that seventy-seven had their "handedness" changed, but only one of them stuttered.

Freud maintains that words and sounds which cannot be pronounced are related to painful incidents or shame-provoking experiences of childhood, the memory of which has been repressed. Stuttering is therefore described as a "fixation at the oral and anal stages of sexual development." Although many psychiatrists do not accept this analysis, there is common agreement that stuttering is associated with personality difficulties. After all, speech is a technique developed very late in evolution and therefore easily modified. The primary functions of those organs which produce speech are chewing, masticating, suckling, coughing, breathing and vomiting. Speech borrows these organs but surrenders them at once to their elementary functions when necessary. When one is speaking, no matter how important it is to continue, speech ceases

and coughing intervenes if an obstruction occurs.

In the case of persons in states of anxiety or fear, the patterns of speech may partially disintegrate and stuttering result. These persons become very much afraid of stuttering when they open their mouths and this added fear reinforces the stuttering. In other words, the stuttering may be simply an expression of emotional difficulty which must be untangled before the individual can be cured. If the symptom alone is treated, then other symptoms may appear. In the case of one young woman of 19, loss of stuttering habits was followed by development of a deep fear of the dark. A young man of the same age found he could no longer read when his stuttering disappeared.

III

Investigators are almost unanimous in insisting that stuttering is closely connected with the broad aspects of personal adjustment but there is no agreement as to the exact relationship. Some insist the malady is produced by some disorder of the personality, while others are equally sure that the maladjustment follows in the wake of stuttering. In every case, however, there is a history of emotional tension, and the precipitating incident which brings about stuttering may be an accident, a shock or similar manifestation. The cause may sometimes be found in the child's having been forced away from the protection of

his family when he first entered school, or it may be an emotionally surcharged atmosphere at home. Stuttering is not just a bad speech habit that can be overcome by exercise. It is a cry for help, an indication of emotional maladjustment.

There are a large number of quack schools which teach the use of a sing-song voice, change of pitch, drawling speech, walking up and down, beating time or other motions of the hand. One method even has the sufferer crawl on his hands and knees.

No one understands why there are approximately three to eight times more stutterers among men than among women. Some authorities maintain that women do not stutter as much as men because they have a smaller obscene vocabulary. Stuttering, according to this theory, is caused by a subconscious fear of speaking words which convention has made taboo. Others hold the difference due to characteristic breathing habits, since it has been found that women favor chest breathing whereas men favor diaphragmatic breathing. The most plausible explanation lies in the theory that women experience a more rapid and stable development of the brain centers believed to control speech. We know that girls, as a rule, speak earlier than boys, have larger vocabularies and fewer speech defects.

Because fluent speech is rated so highly in our society the stutterer gives the impression of being slow in understanding or even below normal in intelligence. However, most stut-

terers are at least normal in intelligence and there is some evidence to indicate that they are above the average. Feeble-minded children and adults suffer from almost any kind of speech disorder but stuttering, whereas stuttering is much more common among college students, who are presumably of more than average intelligence.

Stuttering as such is not inherited, but a definite predisposition to the disorder does seem to exist. Dr. James S. Greene, director of the world-famous National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York, has discovered sixty-five per cent of his stuttering patients came from families in which a parent or some other close relative had the same disorder. His study of more than fifty thousand patients has led him to the conclusion that there are certain characteristics common to the group. Stutterers, he says, have a tendency toward excitability and disorganization. The disturbance is revealed in a hesitancy to engage in physical activity, a hesitancy which is in reality a form of stuttering. For instance, under emotional stress, some individuals may stutter at the typewriter, still others while playing golf or a musical instrument, and others when driving a car.

IV

Since speech is in a beginning stage of development in childhood, children do not have sufficient control of their speech mechanism to speak rapidly, but excitement, of course, makes

them talk faster than they can produce different sound patterns. Moreover, their small vocabularies hinder adequate expression of their thoughts and actions. As a result they frequently repeat in searching for adequate words.

In a study of a large nursery school, Dr. Dorothy Davis has found that repetitions of syllables, words and phrases occur in the speech of every child. For example, when Tommy builds a house with wood blocks, he may be heard to say, "I'm putting this, putting this up, up, up high for a t-t-tower in, in, in the sky." In trying to direct the activity of another child, Peter says, "No, no, no, this, this, this is a boat, not a t-t-train. You must find, go find a train."

Speech uncertainty and awkwardness that can be expected of almost any child should not be labeled stuttering. Parents imagine they help the child to speak fluently by insisting that he speak slowly and distinctly, praising him for speaking without repetition and having him start over again whenever he begins to stutter. But this makes the child self-conscious about talking. Realizing that something about his speech is not approved by adults, the child tries to correct it. The harder he tries the more tense he becomes; the more tense he becomes, the greater and more frequent are the speech blocks.

There are, of course, actual cases of stuttering in children. Arresting this condition when it first appears is much more effective than trying to do so

later, after the individual has developed overwhelming feelings of inferiority and anxiety. What are the conditions at the child's home? Is there a strain on the child's emotions? Does stuttering occur when he is tired, in the company of adults, emotionally upset? When he is asked a question and pushed to answer it? If one of these situations is influential in producing the stuttering, there must be changes either in his routine, in his activities or in the parents' attitudes. Some parents set too high standards in general for their children; in these cases a lowering of some standards would relieve the child of much emotional strain.

Why does it happen that many children begin to stutter when they enter school and compare themselves with others of their own age and sex? Our educational system is shot through with authoritarianism. The child is thought of as a passive vessel into which the past culture and current mores of society are to be poured. But more than this is required of our educational system today. It should be so constructed as to enable the child to feel secure and independent as a child and later as an adult. Only too often, unfortunately, the teacher is set up as a dictator, one who cannot make any mistakes and who must be unquestionably obeyed. He punishes frequently and humiliates children, gives report cards, grades and examinations, the general purpose being to make education a competition in which the children are pitted against

each other. They are subjected to rapid-fire arithmetic drills, recitations and any number of speech situations in which hesitating or faulty performance is penalized by disapproval or failure.

V

In the adult stutterer, the element of anxiety has been aggravated to the point where it has become an actual neurosis. In the treatment of the adult, the most significant single item is a feeling of friendliness and confidence which must be established between the correctionist and the sufferer. Once this rapport is established, stuttering can be attacked by one or more of a variety of techniques. Of equal importance to the stutterer is his need to accept his disorder as part of his fate. He must learn not to feel sorry for himself.

Almost all treatments include physical hygiene, mental hygiene and some direct speech training. Conscious relaxation is taught, not only of the muscles of the arms and legs, but also of the inner muscles of the trunk, abdomen and diaphragm. Eukinetics, rhythmic exercises and such activities as dancing, fencing, skating and swimming are prescribed.

Since the major symptom of the emotional disorder is stuttering, there must be some speech work. Reading aloud to give good quality, good volume and the experience of good speech is emphasized. By reading aloud with a group the stutterer ex-

periences the first flush of triumph in finding he can speak normally in public. Soon he loses his fear and builds up his confidence. Public speaking and dramatics are also part of the treatment.

Most important, the stutterer should be treated for his emotional instability and socially undesirable personality traits. By uncovering the causative emotional factors through discussion, the patient is helped to change his environment or his attitude toward it. He is aided in finding more and more suitable outlets as well as in understanding and developing the good points of his own warped personality. He is guided to better outlets for his thwarted impulses, to seek better social contacts or perhaps more congenial work.

Group therapy is considered by many experts in the field as funda-

mental in the treatment. The National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York City is the outstanding exponent of this approach. When the stutterer becomes a member of a group of similar sufferers he identifies himself with the group, loses his anxiety, develops confidence and a feeling of security. As most of the stutterer's problems are common to the group, they are openly discussed and analyzed, and this finally leads to better adjustment and understanding.

The last ten years have seen tremendous growth in the understanding of stuttering. Today we can say that it is possible to remedy the malady, particularly in children. With adults the probabilities of success are no way near as favorable, but they also can secure alleviation of the disorder if proper treatment is given.



The Essence of Song —

I know very well that many, who pretend to be wise by the forms of being grave, are apt to despise both poetry and music as toys and trifles too light for the use or entertainment of serious men. But whoever find themselves wholly insensible to these charms would, I think, do well to keep their own counsel, for fear of reproaching their own temper, and bringing the goodness of their natures, if not of their understandings, into question. It may be thought at least an ill sign, if not an ill constitution, since some of the Fathers went so far as to esteem the love of music a sign of predestination, as the thing divine, and reserved for the felicities of Heaven itself. . . .

When all is done, human life is, at the greatest and the best, but like a forward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet till it falls asleep, and then the care is over.

— SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE: *Of Poetry*

OLD WORDS MAKE A COMEBACK

BY PAUL R. EVANS

WITH a roar that the uncanny pen of Jules Verne could never have conjured, Hiroshima was jolted noisily into oblivion in broad daylight on August 6, 1945. In the wake of this roar America joined the rest of the world in groping its way into a new era of mankind.

And the American language was not caught napping. It was perfectly prepared to provide a name for this miracle of science — so unspeakably horrifying in the processes of war, yet so salutary to the processes of peace and right living. All that we Americans did, as we have done for decades in naming newly developing phenomena, was to use two familiar words in forming a new tag-phrase: *atomic bomb* (atom bomb). Then in the newspapers, the very next morning, in true American fashion, the phrase apparently had caught on in abbreviated form: *the A-bomb*.

An amazing feature of the American language, which we all accept with the matter-of-factness we accord the advent of the seasons, is the realization that only twenty-six letters (five vow-

els and twenty-one consonants) constitute a vocabulary as limitless as ours. No longer can anybody say how many words there actually are in our language, so great are its potentialities for forming new combinations. Our most comprehensive unabridged dictionaries have perhaps 600,000 entries, of which the ordinary adult uses less than 5000 words in his daily conversation.

Actually, however, this number is no longer exact because every American's vocabulary has been increased so greatly of recent years. Coinage of a word or phrase, merely for temporary use, has become so common that the average American does not realize the greatly increased number of words possible to his tongue. Our generation has enriched its vocabulary with hundreds of words and word-possibilities that had no place in our daily conversations before the war.

These words will never become permanent in our language; they are not intended as anything other than significant and clear-cut temporary coinage. These uses come very natu-

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rally when we borrow old words, and employ them in new and sometimes startling, though perfectly practical, combinations. Examples of this use of old words are found daily in our newspapers. Two headlines on the same page of a recent morning paper prove the point: "U. S. Moves to Seize 200 Strike-Shut Mines" and "Bitter-End Nazis Balk UNRRA Aid!" Obviously, there are no such permanently compounded adjectives as *strike-shut* and *bitter-end*. Yet these words said just what they wanted to say for the moment. The mines had been closed by a strike, and the reporter wanted to say so in a hurry. The same was true of the article about the Nazis — there really were Nazis who refused to give up, and the headline merely said so.

The interesting thing is that these catch phrases are nearly always formed of various new combinations of old words, or are completely new connotations insinuated into old words. This recourse to old words in time of need resolves itself into a four-way approach:

- (1) the readoption and current popularizing of an old use, nearly obsolete;
- (2) the use of an old word to interpret an entirely new and currently meaningful connotation;
- (3) the use of old words to form a new phrase with unusual current import;
- (4) the use of two or more old words to form a compound with an entirely new meaning.

Naturally, conditions as globe-shaking as those in which we are living are bound to bring a few completely new words to our language. Some are lifted bodily from the foreign — such as *ersatz*, *blitzkrieg*, *hara-kiri* and *kamikaze*. To many people, the words *ersatz*, *blitzkrieg*, *hara-kiri* and *kamikaze* carry far stronger shades of meaning than their American counterparts: *substitute* (*synthetic*), *lightning war* and *suicide*. So, with our American passion for colorful speech, we use the foreign words, part and parcel, to enrich the pattern of our language. Some other words, like *Topsy*, have "jest growed" — *jalopy* and *jeep* for example. But these trick words and foreign adoptions are comparatively negligible in number.

It is of old words, then, and the wonders they can perform, that we must talk. Such words play a spontaneous and important part in our individual lives and our national development. We well may wonder why the miracle of their versatility and scope seems never to strike Americans with any particular force, or to arouse any noticeable sense of appreciation. The bottom of the word-barrel has never been scraped; nor is it ever apt to be. This constant re-employment of familiar words can never fail to strengthen the basic simplicity and common sense that insure clarity in our language.

Even a very ordinary person cannot help noticing new developments in old words, day in and day out. As a lexicographer, I have been astonished at the number of these words that took

on connotations demanded by the military during World War II; by civilian life, as the war influenced it; and by rapid developments in industry and science, as the tempo increased to keep pace with the feet of marching men.

Only a few of the more representative of such words now in popular use can be discussed here; but these will serve to show that the American vocabulary has endless ramifications, and wears well — as old friends must do.

The words *prewar* and *postwar* take on added significance with each new war that devastates the earth. For nearly a quarter-century these words have automatically suggested for us time before and after World War I — in fact, many current dictionaries have illustrated the definitions in that way. Now, however, we think chiefly of World War II in connection with these words. Thus will their scope be enlarged to the end of time — actually, the words insinuate the periods before and after *any* war.

The very organization of fifty nations that have sworn themselves to the maintenance of peace on earth has called upon two old words to form their meaningful title: the *United Nations* — nations united in the eradication of tyranny.

II

World War II created new words, of course — that was inevitable. But the military also made use of hundreds of old words and their combinations, in

ways never dreamed of before. Early in the Pacific war, it became common military strategy to attack and capture only the islands of military importance. This method was called *leap-frogging* — literally, armies leaped over each other from one island to another, like children at their play.

And what of the islands that were not of strategic value? Here the military made use of the word *by-pass* — once a strictly scientific term, indicating a side passage for the flow of a liquid or gas. As automobiles added roads and traffic problems, it became necessary to build roads along the edges of big cities. This was called *bypassing* a city, and it is in this way that the military adopted the word, adding the idea of avoiding a spot for military reasons.

Another word lifted in its literal meaning during the war was *breach*. Just as the word has always connoted a dent or slight break in something, so was it used to indicate a slight success in attacking enemy lines. A completely successful major attack received its name from the combining of two very old words, *break* and *through*. A *break-through* was exactly what the very obvious term indicates — a successful attempt to penetrate enemy lines or fortifications.

Air warfare was in its infancy at the end of World War I. Probably the one thing most horrifying to civilians during the recent war, however, was the danger of a surprise attack and bombing from the skies. This threat became known by a completely understand-

ble combination of two very old words — *air raid*.

Aviation brought many unique word developments during World War II. Yet these developments all found simple, clear-cut names. A few of them are: *blockbuster* — a bomb capable of demolishing nearly everything near its fall; *obliteration bombing* — its purpose was to destroy everything within a set area; *ready room* — the room in which aviators planned and prepared for a *mission* (the specific task confronting them); the *take-off* — quite appropriately the spot at which a plane left the ground; and a *dogfight* — air combat in which the airplanes fought anybody and everybody indiscriminately, as dogs do in a free-for-all.

Words in the life of a civilian during World War II kept step with military words in their development. Two of the most interesting are based on sharp differentiations in the word “black.” Black has long been known as the color representing secrecy and acts of shame. America quickly reacted in this way to the unpatriotic and dishonest sources of civilian supplies, beyond what the government apportioned each person legally. We simply called this source a half-slang, derogatory expression — the *black market* (a hidden, dishonest source).

Black has also always connoted the terror that accompanies darkness. So what could be more symbolic of terror accompanying an air raid than to give the term *blackout* to the enforced darkness during an air attack? When store windows were only partially

lighted, because of danger from the air, we hit on the appropriate term *brown-out* — brown being less intense than black, after all!

When the war began, it became necessary for the federal government to limit prices on many commodities. One would think that a procedure of this scope would indeed challenge the simplicity of an American vocabulary. But we simply took the top limit of the rooms in our homes, and named this wartime limit in the same way — *ceiling price* (the top legal price). This same simple invention of new shades of meaning through differing combinations of time-tested words was evident in all wartime vocabularies. When rationing demanded that people with cars help the other fellow, we cheerfully formed a *car pool* (several people rode together), or entered a *share-the-ride* program. A garden planted to help relieve the food problem and to hurry the victory became just that — a *victory garden*.

For many years, our naturally colloquial American lingo has spoken of being “all in,” when a person is very tired. The war vocabulary applied the opposite idea. When we had given his utmost effort, a person had gone *all out*. And one who had gone all out and had broken under it simply had a case of *war nerves*.

There is no walk in life that does not resort to combining old words in preference to inventing a new word — and the result is the same, for a new meaning is there. Take the home and the school, for instance. The clothes

in which children scramble over the floor are quite rightly named *play-suits*. To educators, a *workshop* now has a specialized meaning — an informal discussion group, meeting to solve mutual problems of education.

Yes, the American language is indeed a thriving, expanding business. Its responsibilities make a constant demand for one of two things: new words or the re-employment of old

words with a new import. The answer is nearly always the same — the precise thought superbly interpreted by a striking combination of old words, quite unique in their end result. Whether these words become permanent is relatively unimportant. Rather, the important point is that our language has never yet failed to stretch itself to meet any demand — permanent or temporary, specific or general.



DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOR

Bullfrog

IN EACH of the great zoological divisions of the creatures of earth, there are certain particular species that stand out as so strikingly exaggerating or summing up the qualities of their kind that they may be regarded as, so to speak, the whole tribe's symbolic embodiment and Grand Old Man. When Cuvier designated an order of mammals by the name *pachydermata*, he meant by that name a whole company of hoofed non-ruminant animals with thick skins: an order so considerable that he subdivided it into three groups. But there was one creature among the *pachydermata* that was so exceedingly and pre-eminently and downright excessively pachydermatous — to wit, the elephant — that it presently appropriated to itself exclusively the name of pachyderm. A pachyderm, today, means an elephant and an elephant only. There is not the slightest possibility, when we read a reference to a procession of pachyderms, that we may wonder (as could easily have happened, had Cuvier's classification kept its full width of meaning) what kind of animals were on parade.

Each classification of animals tends thus to narrow to single exemplars, at least in popular usage if not in scien-

tific. There are a great many types of poisonous snakes on the earth; but the single word "viper" has come to be virtually a symbol for the lot. We say almost interchangeably "marsupial" and "kangaroo," though in fact marsupials are any mammals that possess pouches. There are pouched mice and pouched rats and a pouched bandicoot and even a marsupial mole. But a kangaroo is somehow so *very* pouched . . . is somehow so big and bouncing and conspicuous and, well, *marsupial* a marsupial . . . that we have popularly selected it to be the symbol and spirit of all its numerous and obscurer marsupial cousins.

In the humid dusks of late summer, now, wherever there is a millpond or a small lake or a slow, broad creek, there is the sounding of a deep, croaking utterance. It has been supposed to sound like the syllables "jug-o-rum, jug-o-rum," or like "be drowned, better go 'round," or like the plucking of a bass viol. It is at any rate one of the most unmistakable voices of the earth. Hearing it, there is hardly a child so small or an urbanite so inveterate as to be unable to identify it as the croaking of the frogs.

But in fact this deep bass voice, rumbling and twanging in the sum-

mer darkness, conjuring to the mind the smell of pond scum and the hum of mosquitoes and the look of mist wraiths clinging over the pasture creek after the heat of the day, is not just the utterance of "frogs," but of a particular frog. It is the noise of the archetype and grandfather. It is the speech of a bullfrog.

There are all kinds of frogs, in all kinds of places and seasons: green frogs, leopard frogs, cricket frogs, pickerel frogs, wood frogs. Each one of them shows some of the characteristics of frogness: wide mouth and love of the damp; curious voice; hopping and springing gait; and the rest. But it is in the bullfrog that all that we mean by "frog-like" and "frog-voiced" and "frog-faced" is massively summed and assembled, as in an emblem outsized and expanded to the dimensions of caricature. This is *The Frog*. It is what Aristophanes meant by a frog. It is what a child's story-book means by a frog. Some of the springtime tree frogs trill almost like birds. Some of the other frogs are heard only in the early year's chorus, and for the rest of the summer are silent and nearly invisible. Some of the frogs do not *look* like frogs, except to a taxonomist. We hardly even count them in the category. We call the tree frog a "peeper" or a hyla. When we say "frog," there is no chance at all that we mean the tiny cricket frog, which is no bigger than a knucklejoint and chirps instead of croaking, any more than when we say "pachyderm" there is any chance

that we are perhaps referring (as Cuvier might have fancied) to a wild boar or a horse. The frog of the poets and philosophers, and of children and symbolism and slang. . . *the* frog, responsible for a whole dictionary page of adjectives and adverbs and compound descriptives . . . this can never be any other than *Rana catesbeiana*, the bullfrog, sitting fat as Buddha on his lily pad, grinning his enormous froggish grin, booming and harrumphing.

II

There is a certain community in the character and habits of all kinds of frogs. But in the bullfrog everything is on a bigger scale, or shown forth with the vigor of a dogma as against the tentativeness of an opinion. Frogs are lovers of the damp. But the bullfrog carries this tendency to such an extreme that he will scarcely even get out of the water, and then only to go a little way to a new pond. Most frogs are effective swimmers. But *Rana*, the bullfrog, has such hugely webbed hind feet, and can kick his legs in so big a propulsive gesture (they may be as much as ten inches long when the bullfrog straightens them in a full kick) that the bulky body plunges through the water as powerfully as an otter. It is the common fashion of frogs, on land, to move by a gait of leaps and hops. But on those rare occasions when a bullfrog hoists himself up among the reeds and clambers to shore for a while, he moves at a gait in which each single

leap may carry him five or six feet, and so vigorously that his heavy body strikes against the soft earth with a loudly audible *plop!* and leaves an imprint in it.

Enormous, unmoving, serene in massive and grandfatherly froggness, a bullfrog spends most of his time with his plump body poised suspended in the quiet water among the arrowhead and water lilies. It is a body that may be seven or eight inches long, attaining a weight of five pounds or even occasionally as much as six or seven. The stout bulk reposes at perfect ease in the water, only the bullfrog's broad, flattened head appearing above

the surface. It is common among frogs to have protuberant eyes. The bullfrog's, while he reposes thus at ease, bulge out from their sockets in two great glistening convexities. Beneath them, curving around the bullfrog's muzzle from ear to ear, spreads the enormous arc of a fixed frog-grinning mouth. King of all frogs everywhere, the bullfrog floats fat and effortless in the water, placid, waiting.

He waits for almost anything that moves. It is the way of frogs to be great gulpers and snappers; but in his appetite, as in everything else, a bullfrog carries frog habits to a special and majestic extreme. He will take a



Bullfrog

Frank Utpatel

water beetle or the larva of a dragon fly, a snail, a worm, a crayfish . . . any small denizen at all of the pond over which he presides. The cavernous mouth opens, a sticky forked tongue — rooted, like all frogs', at the front of his mouth, to make possible a maximum extrusion — is hurled accurately at the victim, and in an instant the prey has been drawn back into the mouth and clamped by a row of conical teeth in the bullfrog's upper jaw. A big bullfrog is competent, when the opportunity comes, to take considerably bigger prey than the staple snails and worms and water beetles. He may sometimes successfully snap at a duckling, or even at a young muskrat. Indeed there is a more than metaphorical or symbolic sense in which a bullfrog may be said to "contain" the summed elements of frogdom. He often contains frogdom quite literally. The bullfrog, symbol of voracity, will eat any smaller frog that comes within range.

"Jug-o-rum! Jug-o-rum! Be drowned! Go 'round!" The bullfrog, having fed, sends out the deep melody of his satisfaction. The fine, tough webs of his hind feet begin to paddle the water gently. The staring, bulbous eyes look sleepily out over the water. The bullfrog slips underneath the surface and goes into a dive.

As he does so, a spectacular thing happens to his eyes. They disappear. Eyes so hugely protuberant would be in grave danger of injury in the bullfrog's passage through the murky, dimly lit depths of the pool. As he

dives, they are retracted and lowered far into their sockets . . . sockets which extend downward into the roof of the bullfrog's mouth. As the bullfrog plunges downward, folding his membraned feet and drawing them forward, then spreading his toes and kicking back with paddles at full width, he is swimming "blind." It gives a curious and frog-typical pattern to his progress through the water. After every few vigorous pushes, he dawdles for a moment and his big body may come almost to a stop in the water. What he is doing is opening his eyes for a reconnoiter. If all is well, the eyes draw down into their socket depths again, the hind legs renew their kicking, and the descent continues. Arrived at the muddy bottom of the pond, the bullfrog blows forth a great bubbly jet of air, clamps his nostrils shut, and sinks into massive somnolence. He has shut off his lungs, so far as external breathing is concerned. He breathes now through the whole expanse of his green and yellow skin.

Floating just under the water surface, with only his popping frog-eyes and his huge frog-smile visible, or squatting flattened in the soft bottom mud, grave and still and watchful as a snapping turtle, a bullfrog passes most of his days and nights in a large, frog-tranquil uneventfulness. In the winters he sinks into hibernation, like all the other and lesser frogs; and characteristically this frog-rite, too, is in his case magnified and extreme. A bullfrog does not rouse in early spring,

but sleeps so enormous a sleep that it is late May, sometimes June, before his first croakings and boomings of the season are heard. For a little while, then, in the breeding season, the bullfrog is communal; and ponds may fairly reverberate with the all-bass chorus of the foregatherings. But after mating has been accomplished the bullfrog withdraws again into his customary stately isolation. The female, laying her eggs in some secluded pool among the tangled water-weeds, has maintained the bullfrog tradition of exemplifying frogdom on a magnified scale. It is the common way of frogs to lay numerous eggs, these being encased in a protective blob of jelly. The female bullfrog's egg-mass contains some fifteen or twenty thousand eggs; and the gelatinous film containing them spreads out in the water as a sheet nearly two feet across. When the tadpoles hatch, they follow the regular frog-process of gradual metamorphosis, but again the scale of

the event is heroic and oversized. A bullfrog needs two full winters, sometimes three, for development from egg to adulthood.

Many little frogs, in the moment of meeting a violent death, do a peculiar and frog-distinctive thing. They emit, for the only time in their lives, a sound that is not a croak or a trill, but unmistakably a scream. The screams are not very big, however, and may easily go unremarked in the summer night. But it happens every now and then that there is heard, from a quiet pond in the summery darkness, a scream of the kind that makes hearers' hackles rise . . . a scream as of a wild animal trapped. The sound is a bullfrog. A water snake has taken him unaware, or a silent-winged owl has pounced. The voice of the bullfrog's outrage is as a voice on behalf of all of frogdom: the gathered utterance of all the tribe. It is not just any stray or random frog that is going down to death. It is the Old Man.



THE WISE man considers what he wants and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

JOSEPH ADDISON — *The Spectator*

WHY AMERICANS LIKE GERMAN WOMEN

By SAUL K. PADOVER

THERE is no longer much doubt that the German women have succeeded where the German Wehrmacht has failed. From the first day we entered the Reich, in the autumn of 1944, the German women went out of their way to play Potiphar to the conquerors, and the latter by no means responded like Joseph. Worried by this uxorious flank attack, our Army command issued the famous order forbidding the troops to "fraternize" with the Germans. It was about as effective as the late and unlamented Eighteenth Amendment.

All that the order against "fraternization" achieved was to add a new meaning to an old word. The dictionary defines fraternization as "bringing into brotherly love," but the relations between Americans and Germans did not belong in that category. Few GIs ever bothered to exchange a word with German males or elderly females. American attention was confined almost entirely to females of the age of desire, and so in Army usage "fraternization" came to have the exclusive signification of fornication. And since

no effective law against the latter has ever been devised, the shamefaced HQ soon had to cancel the ban.

Today, throughout the American Zone, it is an open secret that most soldiers and many officers "fraternize" with German women. There are two categories of fraternization — "shack ups" and "pick ups." When a soldier has a steady girl and visits her regularly in her room, he is said to "shack up." Many, however, are satisfied with "pick ups," which is not as difficult as it is in France or in the United States. A soldier told me: "The barracks in Kassel are a regular whore house. The guys go to the railroad station with a half-ton truck and bring in a load of women who spend the night in the barracks." In the bigger German cities women can be picked up with more ease and dispatch than is good for the soul, not to speak of the health, of many a soldier. Around the Bahnhof at Frankfurt or in the center of Berlin, one can see every evening clusters of girls and women waiting to be chosen. They are not, it should be stressed, professionals.

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OFFICERS are more circumspect. When they live in compounds, which are areas surrounded by barbed wire and guarded, they find it impractical and embarrassing to bring in German women. Such female visitors have to be registered, together with the name and serial number of the officer, and be out of the compound by ten in the evening. Since this makes it somewhat awkward, "fraternization" in the compounds has been at a minimum. In the Frankfort compound, where about five thousand American officers and civilians live, fewer than half of one per cent bring *Fräuleins* to their rooms. In the Hoechst enclosure, where I stayed for a time, I rarely saw any German women.

In the various towns and cities where there are no compounds, however, there is greater "fraternization" on the part of the officers, particularly those who have been in Germany for a long time. Surveys have shown that the longer a man has been in the Reich the more likely he is to have a "friend." The reason is simple. Life in Germany is drab for everybody, but for Americans, who are far from home and family, it is particularly depressing. In his loneliness even the upright American, yearning for feminine companionship, will soon find what he desires. No matter what his age or personal appearance may be, he has no difficulty, as an American, in establishing an attractive liaison. In Munich I once visited a palatial villa occupied by about a dozen American officers,

and I found that nearly every one had a German girl. This is also true of Military Government officers who, in the nature of their positions and under the circumstances, have the pick of the desirable women. Indeed, German men, who do not as a rule openly resent their women's surrender to Americans, refer to MG as "government by mistresses."

Some Americans are ashamed of the widespread adultery practiced by our troops. I quote one letter written by an indignant U.S. Army chaplain to *Stars and Stripes*:

Recently I was billeted for a few days at a hotel in southern Germany. A group of German entertainers was brought in to perform in the officer's club. After the program, they were billeted in the hotel and practically took the place over. They had a big whing-ding until nearly five in the morning and kept everyone awake with their singing and shouting.

Not long before that, in one of our better hotels, an officer with awe in his voice pointed out an attractive damsel and said, "She's a countess." An officer in MG had given her one of those letters which say, "Any help or courtesy extended will be appreciated, etc." She therefore had a nice room with bath and was eating our chow.

On another occasion I saw a colonel frolic into a hotel with a couple of babes who looked like they were fugitives from a you-know-what, and he got them billeted and fed. I checked, and they weren't interpreters.

Perhaps I don't love my enemies enough, but such stuff gives a queer odor to our occupation. A year ago, my boys were building Bailey bridges on cold nights because these people had the idea they were the master race. The people that are imposing on us now are the same opportunists who rode the gravy train under the Nazis,

and by taking them to our hearts we are only encouraging them.

Why don't some of these USA small-time, big-shot tinhorns smarten up a bit and remember that there's a hell of a lot more at stake than a case of liquor or a shack job. Perhaps we ought to revive those "Why We Fight" films for their benefit.

MORALITY apart, the universally practiced "fraternization" raises two important questions. First, why do Americans like German women? Second, what effect does intimate contact with *Fräuleins* have upon our troops?

German women have come as a pleasant surprise to Americans. Accustomed as they were to the predatory professional French girls or to domineering-demanding ones back home, the GIs found the *Fräuleins* in possession of enough qualities to make many a male wax eloquent. A lieutenant given to epigrams remarked to me that German women were so desirable because they were full of virtues and no virtue. Unlike their American sisters, German females have never been spoiled by their men; on the contrary, they have been relegated to an inferior status, as ancillaries, cooks and mistresses. Our troops, moreover, found them surprisingly clean and wholesome, in physical appearance not unlike American girls. What the GIs liked most about the *Fräuleins* was that they knew how to treat men as males everywhere dream of being treated, with feminine deference and sexual approachability. Many an

American, having been exposed to the intimate charms of *Fräuleins*, has come to the conclusion that American women are far outshone by their German counterparts.

Everywhere in Germany I heard GIs sing praises of the *Fräuleins*. Typical perhaps is the comment of a bright young sergeant to whom I gave a ride one day from Heidelberg to Frankfurt. He was on the way to spend the weekend with his "friend," a married woman whose husband was a prisoner of war in England. He had been shacking up with her for seven months, he told me, and although he could speak but little German and she even less English, they were getting along beautifully. I asked him what he thought of German women and he said — I took down his exact words —:

"The 'kraut' dames are swell. They're better than the French, the English, or the Americans. You know, American women are spoiled and conceited. English women pretend they are like American ones, but aren't. And besides they're cold. French women I just don't like; always gimme, gimme. But these Germans — I must hand it to them — they know how to treat a guy. Take my girl, for example. She's much better educated than I am and comes from a better family than I do. She's a real lady, yet when I get up in the morning I find my shoes shined and trousers pressed. Can you imagine an American woman doing that for you? Kee-rist, my own little sister wouldn't do that even for her old man!"

ONE would expect that a favorable opinion of German women would lead to a general pro-German attitude among our troops. To a large extent, this has happened. Surveys conducted among GIs have shown that their contact with Germans has developed in them an increasing understanding and liking for them as people. On the other hand, "fraternization" has had no deep effect upon the American soldiers politically. This has complicated psychological causes.

Intelligent GIs know that the ease with which they can get a German girl has little, if anything, to do with their personal charm. They are aware that their cigarettes and chocolate exert a greater pull than their sex appeal. Even the less thoughtful soldiers realize that German girls often give themselves because they are hungry, and this often arouses compassion and a deeper awareness of the purely human aspects of the occupation. Most GIs do not condone Nazism, but, through the German women, they learn to know the meaning of hunger and privations. When they get to know a girl, they come to think of her not as a "German," a "Nazi," or an enemy, but as a human being who has lost maybe a father, a brother or a husband in the war or in one of the Allied air raids. GIs and *Fräuleins* do not ordinarily talk much about politics — but they cannot escape the general atmosphere and conditions which are the result of politics.

American sympathy for German women does not generally extend to German men. There is a genuine antipathy between them. This has nothing to do with politics, but is a result partly of an uneasy conscience resulting from the GIs' illicit relations with the women and partly because of a dislike for certain obvious German characteristics. GIs say that German men are arrogant, or servile, or complaining, and rarely normal good fellows. If the German male has decent qualities, the American as a rule does not bother to discover them. He takes the uncomplicated line of being suspicious of all male "krauts," and lets it go at that. Surveys have shown that American soldiers, even those who have intimate contact with German women, feel that we should be harsh with Nazis and punish them severely. A soldier who visits his girl regularly in her father's house told me: "If you ask my honest opinion, I think that her old man and brother only pretend to be friendly. They don't say much, just look at me sort of funny. I think they all hate us Americans, but they pretend they don't."

In sum, the GIs feel that if there weren't so many men in Germany it would not be a bad country. And when they return home they can be expected to bring with them sympathy for German women, a sympathy that may well be translated into political terms of not being too harsh with the Reich as a whole.

THE BLACK DUCK DINNER

A Story

BY JAMES STEVENS

I FIRST got news of Paul Bunyan when I went to work in an Oregon logging camp. In the East he seems to be almost unheard of; even in the West, when one enters the cities, the mighty epic of his herculean deeds sinks to the whisper of a whisper. But in the logging camps, even today, he remains as real as the trees themselves. Every logger in the Northwestern woods knows all about him — his Gargantuan stature and strength, his ear-splitting roar, his colossal deeds. Paul Bunyan is the traditional hero of the lumber jacks; he is the greatest of their contributions to American folklore; in him they see all their own robustious qualities, exaggerated almost to sublimity. Times have changed in the woods, and the rough-hewn loggers of tradition have begun to disappear, but even their well-barbered and regimented successors of today know Paul Bunyan. He is as much a part of the story of the winning of the

West as Brigham Young or Buffalo Bill.

I first heard of him on sharp autumn nights, sitting with my fellow “savages” around the bunkhouse stove, listening to Old Time Sandy. Sandy was the camp bard, and as his astounding tales of Bunyan’s vast exploits poured out in the rich vernacular of the woodsman it seemed to me that no sagas of the olden days could be more exhilarating. When these tales originated, and where, I do not know. The oldest graybeards among the loggers knew nothing of their hero’s beginnings; he was already a hero when they were striplings. Perhaps his creator borrowed a hint or two from *The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua*; perhaps not. As he stands today, Bunyan is absolutely American from head to foot. He visualizes perfectly the American love of tall talk and tall doings, the true American exuberance and extravagance. He is

JAMES STEVENS *has probably done more than any other single individual to popularize and keep alive the Paul Bunyan legend. He is the author of a half-dozen books, the best known of which are Paul Bunyan, Brawnymen and Mattock. This story first appeared in THE AMERICAN MERCURY for June 1924, and since then has been reprinted in numerous anthologies. From time to time the editors hope to reprint from past issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY other things which have persisted in the minds of discriminating readers.*

really the creation not of one man, but of whole generations of men. Thousands of narrators by far-flung campfires have contributed their mites to the classical picture of him.

There are no stories about Paul Bunyan as a child; he is supposed to have sprung into life full-grown. There are various estimates of his size, and always they are given in the logger fashion of measuring a log in ax-handle lengths. The favorite estimate is that ninety-seven ax-handles would scarcely span him from hip to hip. His beard was as long as it was wide, and as wide as it was long. He combed it and his curly black hair with a young pine tree. He spoke commonly in gentle tones, but his voice, when he loosed it, was like the rumbling of thunder, and if by chance he bellowed from rage or pain acres of trees crashed to the ground, bunk-houses were flattened and common folk were stunned. Fortunately, though he was without sentimental geniality, he had a tolerant and considerate soul. But he was not a humanitarian; his ruling passion was the passion of toil, which catches its fire from exulting muscular energy. He thought it a privilege to perform the grand and thrilling labor of the woods, and when his loggers failed to work with his own exuberant pride, as would happen once or twice a season, he would banish them to camp and with a joyous exertion of his prodigious powers himself accomplish all their tasks.

His subordinates were much grander persons than ordinary men, but in size

they were all dwarfed by their chief. The Big Swede, his aide-de-camp, was a stolid, amiable, faithful Nordic blond who excused his incessant and magnificent blunders with a monosyllable and a grin. As Paul Bunyan himself personally directed all operations, the Big Swede's title of foreman was only honorary; his main duty was to care for the blue ox. Johnny Inkslinger, the scribe, had all the virtues the modern camp clerk is thought to lack. There was never a shortage of pay when he was in camp, and never an overcharge, although he alone had to keep the records of thousands of men. Nor was there ever an error in his accounts of millions of feet of logs. As he used two barrels of ink a month, you can imagine what figuring he had to do! Besides, he was the camp dentist and surgeon, and in this capacity he made innumerable and incredible cures—cases which even a chiropractor would flee from.

The only creature in camp equal in size to Bunyan was Babe, the blue ox. Nothing is known of Babe's ancestry, but he was certainly of noble and august parentage. All that is certain is that he was born the winter of the blue snow, hence his unique color, and that Bunyan reared him from infancy with solicitous care. Babe repaid this care with an extravagance of affection that was oftentimes embarrassing. The great logger's only weakness was ticklishness, particularly about the neck, and the blue ox had a perverse passion for caressing that region with his tongue. Paul Bunyan never resented

this attempt on his dignity, but he avoided it whenever possible. The blue ox was unfailingly obedient, tireless and patient. It was his task to skid the felled and trimmed trees from the stumps to the rollways by the rivers, where they were stored for the drives. The timber of nineteen states, save a few scant sections, so the old loggers declare, was skidded from the stumps by the all-powerful Babe.

In Paul Bunyan's camp there was a great cookhouse with a kitchen like another Mammoth Cave, and a dining hall wherein, under huge and lofty beams, the tables were ranged like the ranks of an army corps drawn up for parade on a plain. Here were served huge and incomparable Sunday dinners and the simpler week-day meals, of which the breakfasts of ham and eggs, hot cakes and coffee are most highly praised. Paul Bunyan invented a machine for the mixing of the hot cake batter, so perfectly devised that paving contractors now employ small models of it for mixing cement. The range on which a battalion of cooks fried the hot cakes was greased by a ski champion from Norway who skied to and fro with sides of bacon strapped to his feet. And that the men in the far end of the cookhouse might be served before the hot cakes cooled, the flunkies speeded on roller skates. It required a crew of eleven teamsters with teams and scrapers to keep the yard back of the cookhouse cleared of coffee grounds and egg shells.

But do not imagine that because Paul Bunyan's camp was a logger's

dream of paradise there was any luxurious leisure in it. He worked his men twelve hours a day, and they would have been astounded by any idea of working less. And they would have been perplexed by any other scheme to ease their lot. If there were not to be great exertions, they would have asked, why their sturdy frames, their eager muscular force? If they were not meant to face hazards, why was daring in their hearts? A noble breed, those loggers of Paul Bunyan's, greatly worthy of their captain! He himself told them, in a speech he made at the finishing of the Onion River drive, that they were "a good band of bullies, a fine bunch of savages." I should like to quote this speech in its entirety for it celebrated the accomplishment of a historical logging enterprise, and it was a master oration which showed the full range and force of Paul Bunyan's intellectual powers. But as nine days and eight nights were required for its delivery, it is obvious that no publication save the Congressional Record could print it. It was at this time that Paul Bunyan served his great black duck dinner.

II

The speech ended on a Tuesday, and until the following Saturday morning there were no sounds save the snores of weary men and the scratching of the sleepless Johnny Inkslinger's pen. By Saturday noon he had a time-check and a written copy of the oration for every man in camp. The

loggers then prepared for a blow-in down the river, while Paul Bunyan and the Big Swede moved the camp. After dinner the industrious Swede, using a fire hose, a ton of soap and a tank of hair tonic, began to give the blue ox his spring cleaning, and Johnny Inkslinger turned in for the three hours of sleep which he required each week. Paul Bunyan was arranging his personal belongings for the move and musing on his recent accomplishment. He had never driven logs down a rougher or more treacherous stream than Onion River, and the hills over which the timber had been skidded were so rocky and steep that they tried even the strength of the blue ox. Worst of all was the rank growth of wild onions that had covered the ground. They baffled all attempts to fell the trees at first, for they brought blinding floods of tears to the loggers' eyes and made their efforts not only futile but dangerous. When the Big Swede was standing on a hillside one day, dreaming of the old country, he failed to observe a blinded logger come staggering up the slope, and he did not hear him mumble, "This looks like a good stick." Not until the logger had chopped an undercut in the leg of his boot had the Big Swede realized his peril. Paul Bunyan, baffled by such incidents, was about to abandon the whole operation when the alert Johnny Inkslinger heard of the failure of the Italian garlic crop. He quickly made a contract with the Italian government, which sent over shiploads of

laborers to dig up the wild onions and take them home as a substitute for the national relish. When this had been accomplished, it was possible to log off the country.

There had been other difficulties to overcome, too, and as Paul Bunyan spread out a tarpaulin and prepared to roll up his boots and work-clothes, he remembered them and praised the saints that they were ended. The next job offered the best promise of simple and easy logging that he had encountered since he logged off the level lands of Kansas. For miles the land rose in gentle slopes from a wide and smoothly flowing river; there was no brush or noxious vegetation among the clean, straight trees; and, best of all, the timber was of a species now extinct — the leaning pine. The trees of this variety all leaned in the same direction, and it was thus possible to fell them accurately without the use of wedges. Paul Bunyan was sure of a season's record on this new job. He thought of the fresh brilliancy it would give his fame, and like a row of snowy peaks glimpsed through the spaces of a forest, his teeth glittered through his beard in a magnificent smile. But another thought quickly sobered his countenance. "Those good bullies of mine!" The words came in a gusty murmur. He dropped the tarpaulin and strode over to the cook-house.

Hot Biscuit Slim, his kitchen chief, came forth to meet him. There was a knowing look in the cook's eyes.

"It's to be a great Sunday dinner

tomorrow?", he asked, before Paul Bunyan could speak.

"The greatest Sunday dinner ever heard of," said Paul Bunyan. "I want this to be remembered as the noblest meal ever served in a logging camp. My loggers shall feast like the victorious soldiers of old time. It is a natural privilege of heroes to revel after conquest. Remember, as you prepare this feast, that you may also be making immortal glory for yourself."

"You jest leave it to me, Mr. Bunyan!" answered Slim. "If the baker'll do his part with the cream puffs, cakes and pies, I promise you I'll make 'em a meal to remember. First, oyscher stew, an' then for vegetables, cream' cabbage, of course, mash' potatoes an' potato cakes, lettuce an' onions —"

"No onions!" thundered Paul Bunyan. There was a terrific crash in the kitchen as hundreds of pans and skillets were shaken to the floor.

"Uh — I forgot," stammered Slim. "Well, anyway, they'll be oyscher soup, vegetables, sauces, puddin's, hot biscuits, an' meat an' dumplin' stew an' mulligan stew, an' they'll be drippin' roasts, all tender an' rich seasoned — oh, the meat that I'll give 'em! the meat —" he paused sharply, shivered as though from a physical shock, and misery glistened in his eyes. "Only — uh — only —"

"Only you have no meat," said Paul Bunyan gently.

"I'm admittin' it," said Slim wretchedly. "Honest, Mr. Bunyan, no matter how I try, I jest can't re-

member to order meat, 'specially for Sunday dinner. I can remember vegetables, fruit an' greens easy as pie, but, by doggy, I always forget meat. I ain't pertendin' a cook's worth keepin' who can't remember meat, no matter how good he is at fixin' it. I wouldn't blame you if you fired me right off, Mr. Bunyan."

Slim leaned against the toe of the hero's boot and wept.

"That means that I must rustle deer and bear," said Paul Bunyan patiently. "Well, bear meat and venison will make a royal feast when they have passed through your kettles and ovens. Light the fires, go ahead with your plans; you may yet make history tomorrow!"

He turned away, and Hot Biscuit Slim watched him worshipfully until he was a dim figure on distant hills.

"I'd do anything for a boss like that," he said resolutely. "I'll learn to remember meat, by doggy, I will!"

Rumors of the marvelous dinner that was being planned reached the bunkhouses, and thoughts of their coming blow-in were abandoned by the loggers as they indulged in greedy imaginings of the promised delights. The day went slowly, the sun seemed to labor down the western sky. Before it sank soft clouds obscured its light, bringing showers and early shadows.

At the approach of darkness Paul Bunyan began his return march to the camp. He was vastly disappointed by the meager results of his hunt. Although he had gone as far as the Turtle River country, he had snared

but three deer and two small bears. These filled only a corner of one pocket of his mackinaw, and they would provide but a mere shred of meat apiece for his men. Paul Bunyan did not feel that he had done his best; he was not one to rest on feeble consolations. As he journeyed on, he was devising other means to carry out his plan for a memorable and stupendous feast. And ere he was within an hour of the camp, the Big Swede was unconsciously outlining the solution of the problem for him.

III

The Swede went to the stable some time after supper to see that Babe was at ease for the night. The clouds were thinning now, and when he opened the stable door, soft light poured in on the blue ox, making lustrous spots and streaks on his sleek sides. He turned his head, his bulging blue eyes shining with gentleness and good-will, and his tongue covered the foreman's face in a luscious caress.

"Har, now," remonstrated the Big Swede.

As he solemnly wiped his face, he sniffed the fragrance of Babe's breath and stared with a feeling of envy at the clean, glowing hair. When he had finished his inspection and left the stable, it was evident that he was wrestling with some laborious problem. His whole face was tense with a terrific frown; he scratched his sides vigorously and breathed deeply of the air; sweet with the odors of washed

earth. The purity of the spring weather, the fresh cleanliness it gave the world, and the aroma and sleekness of the blue ox had brought the Big Swede to face his own sore need of a washing. He dreaded it as an ordeal, and for that reason he wished he might accomplish it immediately. He wandered aimlessly on, tormented by an unaccustomed conflict of the soul and the flesh, and at last he came to the edge of a cliff. He stared in surprise at the appearance of a lake below. He could not remember that large a body of water near the camp, but the Big Swede had no room for more than one emotion at a time, and a violent resolve now smothered his surprise.

"Yah, aye do him now," he muttered.

He disrobed swiftly and ran to a rock that jutted from the cliff. Swinging his fists, he leaped twice into the air; the second time he flung himself outward in a magnificent dive, his body made a great curve, and then, head first, he plunged downward. But there was no tumultuous surge and splash of waters as a climax to this splendid dive. Instead, the Big Swede's head struck white canvas with a dull, rending impact—for he had mistaken Paul Bunyan's tarpaulin for a lake! The force of his plunge drove him through the canvas and half-buried him in the soft earth underneath. His arms were imprisoned, but his legs waved wildly, and his muffled bellows shook the earth. A prowling logger saw what seemed to be shining

marble columns dancing in the moonlight and felt the ground trembling under his feet.

"It can't be," he thought bravely.

Just then the Big Swede made another heroic effort to yell for help, and the logger was shaken from his feet. He jumped up and ran to Johnny Inkslinger with an alarming tale of dancing ghosts that shook the earth. The timekeeper, after sharpening twenty-seven pencils to use in case it was necessary to make a report on the spot, started with his medicine case for the place where the logger had directed him. When nearly there, he remembered that he had failed to bring his ten-gallon carboy of alcohol, which, next to Epsom salts, he considered the most important medicine in his chest. He ran back for it, and by the time he finally reached the Big Swede, that unfortunate's bellows had diminished to groans, and his legs waved with less and less gusto. After thoroughly examining and measuring the legs, Johnny deemed the proof positive that they belonged to the Big Swede. Then he got busy with paper and pencil and figured for half an hour. "According to the strictest mathematical calculations," he announced, "the Big Swede cannot continue to exist in his present position; consequently, he must be extricated. I have considered all known means by which this may be accomplished, and I have arrived at a scientific conclusion. I direct that the blue ox and a cable be brought here at once."

When the loggers had obeyed this

command, Johnny made a half-hitch with the cable around the Big Swede's legs, which were waving very feebly now, and in two seconds, amid a monstrous upheaval of dirt and a further rending of the canvas, the Big Swede was dragged out. For a few moments he spat mud like a river dredge; then Johnny proffered him the ten-gallon carboy of alcohol. It was drained at a gulp, and then, with aid from the timekeeper, he was able to stagger to his shanty. When Paul Bunyan reached the camp, the Big Swede was lying on his bunk, bundled in bandages from head to foot. Johnny Inkslinger was still busily attending him; bottles of medicine, boxes of pills, a keg of Epsom salts, rolls of bandages, and surgical implements were heaped about the room.

The timekeeper gave a detailed account of what had happened, and then Paul Bunyan questioned the victim, who answered briefly, "Aye yoomped, an' yoomped, an'—*yeeminy!*"

Johnny Inkslinger gave his chief a voluminous report of the Big Swede's fractures, sprains and contusions.

"He is also suffering from melancholia because he is still unwashed," said Johnny. "But I think I'll restore him. I've dosed him with all my medicines and smeared him with all my salves. I'd have manipulated his spine, but confound him, he strained his back and he threatens violence when I touch it. But I have many formulæ and systems. He shall live."

"Surely," said Paul Bunyan. "A

man is the hardest animal to kill there is."

Saying this, he arose from before the shanty door and thought again of his unrealized plan. He remembered the wordless dejection of Hot Biscuit Slim on receiving the scanty supply of deer and bear meat. He determined that the Sunday dinner should yet be as he had planned it; otherwise it would be a bad augury for great achievements in his new enterprise. He walked slowly toward his headquarters, pondering various schemes that came to mind.

When he reached the white sheet of canvas, he was astonished by its deceptive appearance. It had a silvery glitter in the moonlight, for its surface still held the moisture of the showers. Small wonder, thought Paul Bunyan, that the Big Swede had dived into it; never was a lake more temptingly beautiful or seemingly more deep. He was gazing at the torn canvas and the huge cavity made in the ground by the Big Swede, when he heard a great chorus of shrill and doleful voices in the sky. He looked up and saw an enormous flock of black ducks in swerving flight. They had lost their way in the low-hanging clouds at dusk, and now they were seeking a resting place.

Here, thought Paul Bunyan at once, is a noble offering of chance. Was a black duck more acute than the Big Swede, that the bright, moist canvas would not deceive him also? And once deceived, would not the ensuing dive be fatal? Wasn't a black

duck's neck of more delicate structure than the Big Swede's, and wouldn't it surely break when it struck the tarpaulin? This variety of black duck grew as big as a buzzard, and here they were so numerous that clouds of them darkened the moon. Now to deceive them. Paul Bunyan could mimic the voices of all the birds of the air and all the beasts of the fields and woods, save only that of the blue ox, who always replied with a jocular wink when his master attempted to simulate his mellow moo. In these moments of humor Paul Bunyan declared that he could mimic fish, and one Sunday when he imitated a mother whale bawling for her calf, the loggers roared with merriment for seventeen hours, and were only sobered then by exhaustion. His voice had such power that he could not counterfeit the cry of a single small creature, but only the united cries of flocks or droves. So he now mimicked perfectly the chorus that rang mournfully in the sky, and at the same time he grasped the edge of the tarpaulin and fluttered it gently.

The effect was marvelous. Now indeed was the canvas a perfect imitation of water. Had you been standing by the sole of Paul Bunyan's boot and seen the gentle flutter, you would have been sure that you were watching a breeze make pleasant ripples on the surface of a lake. Ere long the black ducks were enchanted by the sight and sound, and Paul Bunyan heard a violent rush above him as of a hurricane sweeping a forest. Another instant and the canvas was black with

feathered forms. Paul Bunyan grasped the four corners of the tarpaulin, swung the bundle over his shoulder and strode home to the cookhouse. Hot Biscuit Slim was called forth, and when he saw the mountainous pile of black ducks that filled the kitchen yard he became hysterical with delight. He called out the assistant cooks, the flunkies and dishwashers, and, led by Cream Puff Fatty, the baker, the white-clad underlings streamed for eleven minutes from the kitchen door. The chief cook then made them a short but inspiring speech and fired them with his own fierce purpose to make culinary history. Paul Bunyan listened for a moment, and then sought repose, with peace in his benevolent heart.

IV

All night fires roared in the ranges as preparations went on for the great dinner. Vegetables were brought from the storehouse, potatoes were pared and washed, utensils and roasting pans were made ready, and sauces and dressings were devised. The black ducks were cleaned, scalded and plucked in the kitchen yard.

Next morning most of the loggers stayed in their bunks, and those who did come to breakfast ate sparingly, saving their appetites. Time passed quietly in the camp. The loggers washed and mended their clothes and greased their boots; they shaved and bathed and then stretched out on their blankets and smoked. They were silent

and preoccupied, but now and again a breeze blowing from the direction of the cookhouse would cause them to sigh. What enchantment was in the air, so redolent with the aroma of roasting duck and stewing cabbages, so sharply sweet with the fragrance of hot ginger and cinnamon from the bakery where Cream Puff Fatty fashioned his creations! A logger who was shaving would take a deep breath of this incense, and the blood would trickle unnoticed from a slash in his cheek; another in his bunk would let his pipe slip from his hand and enjoy ardent inhalations, blissfully unaware of his burning shirt; yet another, engaged in greasing his boots, would halt his task and sit in motionless beatitude, his head thrown back, his eyes closed, quite unconscious of the grease that poured from a tilted can into a prized boot.

At half past eleven the hungriest of the loggers began to mass before the cookhouse door, and as the minutes passed the throng swiftly increased. At five minutes to noon all the bunkhouses were empty and the farthest fringe of the crowd was far up Onion River Valley. The ground shook under a restless trampling, and the faces of the loggers were glowing and eager as they hearkened to the clatter and rumble inside the cookhouse, where the flunkies, led by the Galloping Kid on his white horse, were rushing the platters and bowls of food to the tables. Tantalizing smells wafted forth from the steaming dishes. The loggers grew more restless and eager; they

surged to and fro in a tidal movement; jests and glad oaths made a joyous clamor over the throng. This was softened into a universal sigh as the doors swung open at last and Hot Biscuit Slim, in spotless cap and apron, appeared wearing the impressive mien of a conquering general. He lifted an iron bar with a majestic gesture, paused for dramatic effect amid a breathless hush, and then struck a resounding note from the steel triangle that hung from the wall. At the sound a heaving torrent of men began to pour through the doors in a rush that was like the roaring plunge of water when the gate of a dam is lifted. The chief cook continued to pound out clanging rhythms until the last impatient logger was inside.

When Hot Biscuit Slim re-entered the cookhouse, he was reminded of a forested plain veiled in thin fog as he surveyed the assemblage of darkly clad figures, wreathed with white and fragrant blooms of steam. His impression was made the more vivid when the loggers plunged their spoons in the deep bowls of oyster soup, for the ensuing sounds seemed like the sighing of winds in the woods. The chief cook marched to the kitchen with dignity and pride, glancing to right and left at the tables that held his masterwork. He asked for no praise or acclaim; the ecstasy that now transfigured the plainest face was a sufficient light of glory for him.

The soup bowls pushed aside, the loggers began to fill their plates, which were of such circumference that even

a long-armed man could hardly reach across one. The black ducks, of course, received first attention. And great as the plates were, by the time one was heaped with a brown fried drumstick, a ladle of duck dumplings, several large fragments of duck fricassee, a slab of duck baked gumbo style, a rich portion of stewed duck, and a mound of crisp brown dressing, all immersed in golden duck gravy, a formidable space was covered. Yet there was room for tender leaves of odorous cabbage beaded and streaked with creamy sauce; for mashed potatoes which seemed like fluffs of snow beside the darkness of duck and gravy; for brittle and savory potato cakes, marvelously right as to texture and thickness; for stewed tomatoes of a sultry ruddiness, pungent and ticklish with mysterious spices; for baked beans, plump peas, sunny applesauce and buttered lettuce, not to mention various condiments. Squares of cornbread and hot biscuits were buttered and leaned against the plate; a pot-bellied coffee pot was tilted over a gaping cup, into which it gushed an aromatic beverage of drowsy charm; a kingly pleasure was prepared. More than one logger swooned with delight this day when his plate was filled and he bent over it for the first mouthful with the joy of a lover claiming a first embrace.

In the kitchen the chief cook, the baker and their helpers watched and listened. At first the volume of sounds that filled the vast room was like the roar and crash of an avalanche, as

dishes were rattled and banged about. Then the duck bones crackled like the limbs of falling trees. At last came a steady sound of eating, a sound of seventy threshing machines devouring bundles of wheat. It persisted far beyond the usual length of time, and Hot Biscuit Slim brought out his field glasses and surveyed the tables. The loggers were still bent tensely over their plates, and their elbows rose and fell with an energetic movement as they scooped up the food with undiminished vigor.

"Still eatin' duck," marveled Hot Biscuit Slim.

"They won't be more'n able to *smell* my cream puffs," said the baker enviously.

The loggers ate on. They had now spent twice their usual length of time at the table.

"Still eatin' duck," reported Hot Biscuit Slim.

That no one might see his grief Cream Puff Fatty moved to a dark corner. He was now certain that none of the loggers could have room for his pastries. They ate on. They had now spent three times their usual length of time at the table. The baker was sweating and weeping; he was soaked with despair. Then, suddenly:

"They're eatin' cream puffs," cried Hot Biscuit Slim.

Cream Puff Fatty could not believe it, but a thrill of hope urged him to see for himself. True enough, the loggers were tackling the pastries at last! On each plate cream puffs lay in golden mounds. As the spoons struck

them their creamy contents oozed forth from breaks and crevices. Stimulated by their rich flavor, the loggers ate on with renewed gusto. They had now stayed four times as long as usual at the table. Other enchantments still kept them in their seats: lemon pies with airy frostings, glittering cakes of many colors, slabs of gingerbread, soft cinnamon rolls, doughnuts as large as saucers, and so soft and toothsome that a morsel from one melted on the tongue like cream. So endearing were the flavors of these pastries that the loggers consumed them all.

Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim solemnly shook hands. There was glory enough for both of them.

V

At last there were no sounds at the tables save those of heavy breathing. The loggers arose in a body and moved sluggishly and wordlessly from the cookhouse. They labored over the ground toward the bunkhouses as wearily as though they had just finished a day of deadening toil. Soon Onion River Valley resounded with their snores and groans. . . .

At supper time, when Hot Biscuit Slim rang the gong, Cream Puff Fatty stood by his side. This was to be the supreme test of their achievement. For five minutes the chief cook beat the triangle, and then a solitary logger appeared in the door of a bunkhouse. He stared at them dully for a moment and then staggered back into the darkness. This was indeed a triumph!

Great as other feasts in the cookhouse had been, never before had *all* of the loggers been unable to appear for supper. This was a historic day. Cream Puff Fatty and Hot Biscuit Slim embraced and mingled rapturous tears. . . . They had intimations of immortality. . . .

For five weeks the loggers lay in a delicious torpor, and then Johnny Inkslinger brought them from their bunks with doses of alcohol and Epsom salts. By this time the Big Swede had recovered from his injuries, and Paul Bunyan waited no longer to move his camp. The buildings, which rested on skids, were connected by cables, and the blue ox hauled them over the hills to the new job.

Nothing marred the beauty of that summer; stirring breezes blew all the days over the loggers as they felled the leaning pine trees in perfect lines on the grassy slopes. The blue ox waxed fat with the ease of his labor. Weeks passed without the Big Swede having a serious accident. Dust gathered on Johnny Inkslinger's medicine case. Hot Biscuit Slim never once failed to

remember meat. And a record number of logs were piled above the rollways. Paul Bunyan planned a great drive with prideful confidence that it would be the glorious climax of a historic season. But here fortune deserted him, for after driving the logs for nine days, and seeing an exact repetition of scenery three times, he surveyed the placid river and found it to be round; he had been driving the logs in a circle!

Nothing daunted, he thereupon determined to saw the logs and transport the lumber overland, and he erected his famed sawmill, which was nineteen stories high, with each bandsaw running through all the floors. A description of the original machines and devices used in this mill would fill the pages of a mail-order catalogue. It is needless to say that it operated perfectly.

The only great difficulty Paul Bunyan had to overcome originated from the smokestacks. He was compelled to equip them with hinges and drawbridge machinery so they could be lowered to let the clouds go by.



THE care of the national language is at all times a sacred trust and a most important privilege of the higher orders of society. Every man of education should make it the object of his unceasing concern to preserve his language pure and entire, to speak it, so far as is in his power, in all its beauty and perfection.

—FRIEDRICH VON SCHLEGEL

assiduously. It also, in some mysterious manner, acts as a catalyzer of such potentialities as he may have. Hence the little magazines that printed the first awkward work of William Faulkner, Carl Sandburg, Edgar Lee Masters and their like have earned the honor and respect of the nation, and the editors who spotted talent in those same awkward beginnings are among the truly great editors in our annals.

WHAT has become of the little magazine today? There are still a great many of them. The war put dozens of them out of existence. Some of the editors were drafted into the armed forces; of those who remained in civilian life several couldn't cope with paper rationing and the sudden insistence of long-suffering printers for prompt payment; and still others stopped the publication of their periodicals out of sheer tiredness — a well-known occupational ailment of little magazines. Since the ending of hostilities several of the defunct magazines have revived and there are indications that new ones will soon be appearing.

Of those now in existence several things can be said with reasonable fairness. Those devoted exclusively to poetry are perhaps the poorest. A large number of them seem to be minor rackets. They accept verse "on merit only," but such acceptance is made strangely easy if the author buys a subscription at the same time he sends in his unsolicited contribution or shortly thereafter.

Then come a group of magazines that are little more than disguised Communist organs. One such magazine published in the Middle West is now seeking "strong verse and prose" dealing with the "evils of monopoly capitalism," and another, published on the Pacific Coast, is seeking articles and stories, according to one of its editors, that "expose the imperialist designs of the so-called Western democracies." This same magazine in the middle thirties was looking for articles and stories that stressed the United Front, which happened to be the party line at the time. Perhaps a word should here be said about the *New Masses*, the pathetic offspring of the old *Masses*, which under the editorship of Max Eastman and Floyd Dell was one of the most vigorous periodicals in our history. The concentration upon politics and the unswerving defence of the stifling and sterile Communist brand of politics has undoubtedly had much to do with the fact that that magazine has not produced a single writer of importance since its revival.

FORTUNATELY, the totalitarian disease has not affected many of the little magazines. Most of them confine themselves to their true function of giving a hearing to fresh talent in the realms of imaginative writing and unhackneyed criticism. Two of the best such magazines, 'strangely enough, are sponsored by two Western universities — the *Prairie Schooner* of

the University of Nebraska and the *Review of the University of Kansas City*. The first was started in 1927 and the second in 1934, and both compare very favorably with the best magazines in the country. In their fiction and verse, indeed, they are often superior. They are a credit to their regions and to their universities — and one wonders how long it will be before such large universities as Harvard, Princeton, and Chicago will have enough sense to follow suit and sponsor general literary periodicals of their own.

It is true, however, that there has been something missing in the little magazines of late. Many of them seem to be better off financially than their predecessors — at least, they come out a bit more regularly, and all the pages are generally of the same size. Some, indeed, are printed on very fancy paper and a few even carry bank advertisements. But the fancier they get the less life they seem to have.

Accent, for example, is better put out than *Decade of Short Stories*, but the second always has one or two things worth reading, while the first is too often a mess of crabbed verse and plodding stories. The *Kenyon Review* makes a better appearance than the *Rocky Mountain Review*, but the latter, at least in its fiction and occasional criticism, is an event with almost every issue, while the first frequently is a miasma of tortuous unrealities and unintelligibilities from cover to cover.

WHAT, then, is missing from the better little magazines? What is missing is the old excitement. The fault surely is not that of the editors, most of whom are alert, courageous, and possessed of a sharp eye for budding or extraordinary talent. Lowry C. Wimberly, Clarence R. Decker, George Snell and Ray West, to mention only those that come to mind at once, are far more adept at their jobs than many of their less harassed colleagues on the better-known Eastern periodicals. The fault, such as it is, probably lies elsewhere. There seem to be fewer literary artists around, certainly fewer rebellious literary artists, for these editors to choose from. The growing preoccupation with politics the past fifteen years seems to have gripped the literary world too, and somehow depleted it of its bubbling potency. Many poets have become soliloquists or propagandists and many fiction writers have sold their sense of beauty for a mess of reportorial pottage. William Rose Benét, who could once turn out a lovely lyric, is now engaged in fighting Wall Street, to the vast embarrassment of his friends. And Ernest Hemingway went to pieces in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*, the almost incredibly cheap and inept story of how the Spanish Revolution looked to a couple of stray, adolescent lovers. Large numbers of much younger authors are engaged in similar non-literary writing.

Such rebellion as there is in the literary world, apparently, is largely

political. Only a few — the least gifted — have been corrupted by Communism. Others have been seduced by Socialism, the New Deal, various forms of the older religions — but mostly by the social unrest that has swept the world. This is not said by way of criticism of these politico-economic systems, especially those not based on totalitarian ideas. It is said merely by way of reporting — and to point to a possible explanation for the inferiority of present-day little magazines. The very life-blood of little magazines is artistic rebellion, not artistic resignation.

But is it really more important for gifted artists to write lovely lyrics and beautiful short stories than to defend democracy and fight totalitarianism? The answer is that it is — for those who can write lyrics and stories more effectively than they can defend democracy and fight total-

itarianism. What makes totalitarianism so hateful is its antipathy to art, and what makes democracy so wonderful is its hospitality to art. The prime political duty of literary artists, then, is not to write political essays but to write poems, stories, novels and plays. It is glory enough for any artist to put down on paper one iota of the manifold graciousness of the human soul, and to suggest, however fleetingly, the unending magnificence in flower, ocean and sky.

This is the glory, this is the excitement that the older literary magazines had. Their writers were of the true artistic faith and they declared war against the Philistine editors — the only war appropriate for an artist to engage in. The result was all the magic in the little magazines that are so ably analyzed in the present study. One hopes that a few years hence there will be ample reason to write a supplementary study.



Civility

The civilest, methinks, of all nations, are those whom we account the most barbarous; there is some moderation and good nature in the Toupinambaltians, who eat no men but their enemies, whilst we learned and polite and Christian Europeans, like so many pikes and sharks, prey upon everything that we can swallow.

ABRAHAM COWLEY — *Essays*

THE CHECK LIST

BIOGRAPHY

G.B.S. 90: Aspects of Bernard Shaw's Life and Work, edited by S. Winsten. \$3.00. *Dodd, Mead*. This *Festschrift* turns out to be a surprisingly readable book. There are some weak spots in it — Dean Inge on "Shaw as a Theologian," Aldous Huxley's "A Birthday Wish," and John Masefield's poem, for example, are pretty embarrassing — but there are also some excellent papers by J. B. Priestley, H. G. Wells, C. E. M. Joad, Dr. Daniel Jones, Laurence Housman and Gabriel Pascal. They consider Shaw as a social critic, as a playwright, as a scenario writer, as a phonetician, as an educator, as a music critic, and as a political philosopher. The editor's own essay is quite windy, but it also contains copious quotations from Shaw's own writings, not always aptly placed but well worth reading by themselves. There are many excellent photographs.

VASARI'S LIVES OF THE ARTISTS, abridged and edited by Betty Burroughs. \$3.75. *Simon and Schuster*. Vasari was an Italian painter and architect who lived in the years 1511-1574. He is now chiefly remembered for his monumental *Lives of the Most Excellent: Architects, Painters, and Sculptors*, one of the major source books in the history of Italian art. The biographies are short, conversational, even gossipy, and quaint — "Then, by the Grace of God, in the year 1240, Giovanni Cimabue was born in the city of Florence. . . ." This edition is based on the version of Mrs. Jonathan Foster, published in 1850. There are many helpful editorial notes and a generous number of excellent reproductions of masterpieces.

OLD ROUGH AND READY, by Silas B. McKinley and Silas Bent. \$3.00. *Vanguard*. A popular but workmanlike biography of Zachary Taylor (1784-1850), twelfth President of the United States, who served only sixteen months, being succeeded by Millard Fillmore. He was a

distinguished soldier and an able administrator. Abraham Lincoln had a considerable respect for him. There is a good bibliography.

HISTORY

THE EPIC OF LATIN AMERICA, by John A. Crow. \$5.00. *Doubleday, Doran*. Mr. Crow has produced here one of the most eminently readable histories of Latin America likely to turn up for many years. Combining an obvious enthusiasm for his subject with great serenity of judgment, he carries the story in orderly fashion from the Mayan and pre-Incan cultures through the popular movements of the nineteenth century. Just why he has elected to dispose of the past fifty years in a rather sketchy postscript is not at all clear, but for the rest there is little to criticize. Although the author does not incline to any "great man" view of history he has a talent for vivid characterization, and some of his portraits — of Cortés, Bolívar, Santa Anna, among others — make superb reading. Altogether a distinguished work.

CASABLANCA TO KATYN: *The Secret History of the War, Vol. III*, by Waverley Root. \$5.00. *Scribner's*. Like Mr. Root's preceding volumes, this one is not secret, and it has nothing to do with the fighting war. But it's still a pretty good book. Here Mr. Root's leisurely investigations into the politics of World War II advance to the first few months of 1943, where his attention centers on Germany, Russia and North Africa. The book bulges with facts and suppositions on the diplomatic and ideological maneuverings of those days. The author rides his theories hard — but shrewdly; all of them are interesting and a good number are probably true.

PUBLIC AFFAIRS

THE CLOCK OF HISTORY, by Alvin Johnson. \$3.00. *Norton*. This is a series of essays — "one-sided conversations" — on politics, eco-

nomics and education by the former director of the New School for Social Research. Dr. Johnson has abiding faith in "liberal democracy or democratic liberalism," but unfortunately he doesn't get very much beyond reiterating this faith. When he isn't embarrassingly obvious — "In the world of the future there can be no neutrals. There can be no isolationism" — he is pompously naïve, as for example: "We will never fight Russia on account of her ideologies, and other reasons for fighting her there are none. . . . We cannot fight Russia, and if we could, we have too much good sense to do it." The writing, like the thinking, is pretentious and hollow.

THE GREAT GLOBE ITSELF: A Preface to World Politics, by William C. Bullitt. \$2.75. *Scribner's*. Our first ambassador to the USSR is concerned here with finding a program to save liberal Western civilization from the totalitarian onslaught. He believes the United States must take the lead in founding a Defense League of Democratic States — a league which, while treating the Soviet Union with scrupulous fairness, will at the same time make it plain to Stalin that further expansion will run up against the atomic bomb. Perhaps the most interesting sections in the book are contained in two appendices: the first a formal indictment of Soviet foreign policy which is printed parallel to the indictment drawn against the Nazis at Nuremberg; the second a long series of quotations from the *Daily Worker* of 1939-45, which proves both entertaining and instructive.

FICTION

HERE'S O'HARA, by John O'Hara. \$3.00. *Duell, Sloan & Pearce*. This is a collection of three of Mr. O'Hara's novels — *Butterfield 8*, *Hope of Heaven*, and *Pal Joey* — and twenty of his short stories. A rereading confirms one's first opinion that Mr. O'Hara is easily one of the most gifted literary craftsmen of our time — gifted technically, that is. He has a sharp and accurate ear for common speech, and he is scrupulously economical in his style. But one also becomes more aware of Mr. O'Hara's faults. He is superficial; he seems to think that when you have put down on paper an especially horrible aspect of a person you've really said something very pro-

found about him. In other words, Mr. O'Hara is still an immature writer. One begins to fear he will always be one. His brash introduction to this collection is certainly not encouraging.

THE OLD COUNTRY, by Sholom Aleichem. \$3.00. *Crown*. Sholom Aleichem was the pen-name of Solomon Rabinowitch, who was born in the Ukraine in 1859 and died in New York in 1916. He wrote in Yiddish about three hundred short stories and a dozen novels and plays. He was probably the most earthy and folksy of all Yiddish humorists, and his writings have been the delight of Yiddish-speaking Jews for many years. Here twenty-seven of his stories are translated by Julius and Frances Butwin. They have probably been as faithful to the original as possible, and the result is a collection that, all in all, is excellent and of general appeal.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE CHRISTIAN HERITAGE IN AMERICA, by George Hedley. \$2.00. *Macmillan*. Dr. Hedley, who is associate professor of economics and sociology in Mills College, here presents the basic philosophies of American Judaism, Orthodox Christianity, Catholicism and the major branches of Protestantism, from the historical as well as the strictly theological viewpoints. He is remarkably objective, commands a clear and vigorous style, and manages to fill his small volume with a great deal of solid information. Altogether a sound and useful book. Unfortunately, the index is too brief to be of much real help.

CLEANLINESS AND GODLINESS, by Reginald Reynolds. \$2.75. *Doubleday*. A chatty and often witty history of the water closet, with numerous excursions to various related subjects. Mr. Reynolds begins on sanitation in general and privies in particular during the great days of the Egyptians, Hebrews, Greeks and Romans, among others; he then proceeds, not always chronologically, to modern times. Mr. Reynolds has amassed a wealth of information, but he has fallen into arch and even coy writing, with overuse of allusion and airily recondite reference. Undaunted lovers of good antiquarian stuff will nevertheless find the book a pleasure, a volume to keep handy for occasional and special browsing.

THE OPEN FORUM

LABOR DISPUTES AND THE LAW

SIR: You could scarcely have selected better proponents of the respective sides on the strike question than Judge John C. Knox ["Labor and the Law," *AMERICAN MERCURY*, June 1946] and Mr. Louis Waldman ["Can Courts Rule Labor?" July 1946]. Both are known as men of integrity and devoted to the democratic ideal. It seems to me, however, that the position taken by neither is quite satisfactory.

It is difficult logically to subscribe to Mr. Waldman's theory that the right to strike must remain unimpaired in a democracy. The right of an individual free citizen to refuse work is one thing. The right of all railroad engineers, organized in a nationwide union to paralyze the country unless their demands are met, after refusing to submit their claims to arbitration — is a totally different thing.

On the other hand, the judicial process, advocated by Judge Knox, presupposes laws which prescribe specific bases for adjudication of disputes among litigants. In labor disputes, only the barest outline could be drawn by legislators for the guidance of judges. In the absence of definitive legislation, a judge would necessarily function as a mediator. If so, the parties would prefer one of their own choosing. As for power to enforce decisions, the government could exercise such power, whatever tribunal is sanctioned by law.

That all final disagreements be composed, not by force but by legal process, may be considered as an ultimate goal. But progress is usually hastened when made in stages. . . .

Why not make a start with industries whose continuous operation is vital to all activity? Railroads and other utilities render services which cannot be stored but are essential to all communal life. A strike or lockout . . . inflicts infinitely more harm on the general public than on the parties immediately concerned. Stoppage should therefore be replaced by permanent machinery for settlement of disputes, with compulsory arbitration as the final step.

At the other extreme are industries which under practically no conditions would cause more than slight public inconvenience if operation

were interrupted. For example, the dress industry even now, in time of shortages, could cease operation for many months with no genuine hardship to any but the contestants, because there are reserve stocks in the hands of consumers, retailers, jobbers, etc. . . .

In between, there are industries which, because of temporary circumstances, must be kept going to avoid hardships, but after a while might belong to the other category. Thus, for example, the steel industry may be considered of this type. Steel is essential in now desperately needed goods — from houses to nails. Stoppage of production when industries and commodities have fallen short of five years' supply would be calamitous. Hence we may provide effective machinery to adjudicate differences while the shortage remains crucial.

Thus, it seems to me, the criterion for replacing the right to strike and lockout altogether or only for a time or not at all, should be the character of a given industry and the surrounding circumstances. The underlying principle, that the life and security of the community are paramount to special labor-management interests, should serve as a guide in prompt development of policies and methods for settlement of labor disputes.

NATHANIEL GOLD

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: Mr. Louis Waldman . . . bases his argument in defense of the strike as an economic weapon of labor unions on a decision of the New York Court of Appeals. That Mr. Waldman, keen-witted lawyer that he is, should rely on this decision to support his argument is astonishing.

I say this because the decision in question, it will be noted, does not concede to labor unions the unqualified right to strike; this right, the court rules, is subject to the condition that the object of the strike shall not be "to inflict injury upon others." Now a strike that does not inflict injury upon others is too insignificant to be worth consideration. Most strikes do inflict injury upon others; some, indeed, inflict injury upon the entire nation and seriously jeopardize its very exist-

ence. Moreover, to allow the plea in justification of a strike that it was called with no purpose of gratifying malice or inflicting injury would be to adopt the preposterous legal principle that any injury that one person may do another is not unlawful if only it can be shown that malice and intent were absent. Any honest court would reject such a plea with impatience and scorn.

Thus the decision upon which Mr. Waldman leans so heavily for support in his argument in defense of the strike lets him down. Nevertheless there is much in Mr. Waldman's article with which one must wholeheartedly agree.

The truth of the matter is . . . there is no valid argument in justification of the strike as an economic weapon, because to grant to labor unions the right to strike is to grant them the power to destroy the economy of the country; and certainly they should neither want nor have that power.

Strikes that would imperil the safety of the country should be outlawed since it is axiomatic that the welfare of the country immeasurably transcends in importance the rights (real or imaginary) of either labor or management.

WILLIAM H. RASCHÉ

Blacksburg, Va.

A MASTER LANGUAGE

SIR: Mr. Falk Johnson's bias (or ignorance) is showing in "The Search For a Master Language," AMERICAN MERCURY, July 1946. He and his German school of pseudo-philologists find an ingenious connection between "century" and "hundred," but see no connection whatever between Hebrew and the European languages — no connection between "aleph, bes, gimel, daleth" (Hebrew), "alpha, beta, gamma, delta" (Greek), and "a, b, c, d" (Latin)! Or Kohn, Koenig and King; or Levi and levy; or Tory (one who "goes by the book") and Torah (the book itself). There are thousands of similarly obvious connections, obvious even to a layman in philology, like myself. . . . Secondly, I disagree with Mr. Johnson regarding the need for a new language. English will do. English is the world-language of science and business. The non-English-speaking nations should teach it as a secondary language. In exchange for this concession to social integration, the English-speaking nations should adopt the metric system of measurements which is now used by nearly all non-English-speaking countries, and is superior to our own system. . . .

EDWIN DURST

Lincoln, Neb.

PREJUDICE IN COLLEGES

SIR: Please permit me one comment relative the problem of "Religious Prejudice in Colleges" by Dan W. Dodson in your July [1946] MERCURY.

Mr. Dodson speaks of "a disproportionate influx of Catholics, Negroes and Jews." However, as the article goes on, we see that the quota restrictions to balance students with population refer only to Jews. Negroes and Catholics are pitifully far behind in trying to send enough people to colleges to supply professional personnel for their own needs; only the Jews (not meant critically) try to send far more people to colleges than their own per cent of the population can absorb.

Now, my comment is, if Catholic and Protestant (Christian) colleges try to reserve most of their facilities for Christians, do not the Jewish colleges likewise insist on reserving most of their facilities for Jews?

In Mr. Dodson's list of colleges, I noticed no Jewish ones. Are there none? Colleges cost money. They are not money-making profitable institutions. Might one perhaps say, Jews, before complaining that Christian colleges do not admit all of their Jewish applicants, should themselves erect and support colleges and universities, not only for their own students, but also for a proportion of Christian students?

Incidentally, a quota restriction is something altogether different from the *absolute* racial discrimination, obviously ungodly, maintained by many colleges against Negroes.

AUSTIN J. APP, PH.D.

San Antonio, Tex.

SIR: . . . I would like to offer further explanation concerning my own college — Oberlin. Because of her comparative wealth and excellent scholastic record, Oberlin is able to demand that prospective applicants meet a certain high minimum scholastic standard. Of the relatively small number which qualify, the college admits, first, all those who are near relatives of alumni. The remainder are selected on the basis of a certain *geographical quota*; an attempt is made to have on campus students from each of the states and from as many foreign countries as is possible. . . . Concerning Jewish students, specifically: of the fifteen men living in my "house" five were Jewish. . . . It is interesting to note that all the Jewish students whom I knew were from metropolitan New York City. . . . I recall one housemate's telling me that he had

applied at Oberlin upon the recommendation of a high school teacher who had told him that he would find "a good deal less religious prejudice there." That Oberlin, founded as the first coeducational college and as the first school actually to admit students regardless of race, creed, or religion, and traditionally the most liberal of the "old line" colleges, should follow a quota system designed to exclude anyone because of race or religion seems most unlikely to me. . . .

GERARD TUCKER

Webster Groves, Mo.

CANADA'S WAR DEAD

SIR: Referring to the very interesting article on Canada in your July issue ["Canada as a World Power," by Akeley Mitchell], I wonder if the author was not in error in stating their dead was more than the U. S.

According to press reports U. S. dead was 308,000, and the *Economist* (London) states the British dead 234,000 (June 15, 1946).

This is not to detract from Canada's magnificent efforts, but is in the interest of accuracy.

C. MERVYN YOUNG

Wynnewood, Pa.

SIR: With regard to Mr. Mervyn Young's enquiry . . .

For World War II his figures are correct and Canada's war dead are of course very considerably less than those of the United States.

However, for World War I (to which the statement at the end of the first paragraph of my article refers) the figures, according to the *International Whitaker*, are as follows:

British Empire	1,089,919
Canada	62,817
U. S. A.	60,758

This includes dead and died of wounds only. The American figure, including Merchant Marine and those who died on active service, but not necessarily of wounds, is 126,000.

AKELEY MITCHELL

Ottawa, Can.

BRITAIN AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE

SIR: With reference to the points raised in the letter from Mr. Lloyd E. Price in your May issue, I would suggest that the best evidence of the part played by Britain in the establishment of the Monroe Doctrine is to be found in the papers of Monroe himself, particularly in letters to and from Jefferson and Madison. Incidentally, the passage quoted by Mr. Price as a statement of

George Washington is in fact a passage taken word for word from a letter of Jefferson to Monroe in the year 1823.

On August 20, 1823, Canning, the British Foreign Secretary, wrote to the American Minister in London, Rush, asking if the time had not come to take some common Anglo-American action with regard to the projected movement of the Holy Alliance against the Spanish-American colonies. It will be recalled that the Holy Alliance was headed by Russia, then holding Alaska, and that Russian outposts extended as far south as California.

Sending Jefferson a copy of Rush's dispatch, Monroe (October 17, 1823) commented on Canning's proposal thus:

Has not the epoch arrived when Britain must take her stand . . . either in favor of despotism or of liberty; and may it not be presumed that, aware of that necessity, her government has seized on the present occurrence, as that which it deems the most suitable to announce and mark the commencement of that career?

My own impression is that we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government.

Note the italics, which are mine. Madison, like Monroe, cordially accepted Canning's proposal, but suggested that its principle of joint Anglo-American action should not be limited to the Western Hemisphere, but should be extended to the defense of any state threatened by an aggressor anywhere.

Jefferson in a long letter (far too little known) dated Monticello, October 24, 1823, informed Monroe that he (Jefferson) was entirely of "Mr. Canning's opinion," adding among other passages these:

Our endeavour should surely be to make our hemisphere that of freedom. One nation most of all could disturb us in that pursuit. She now offers to lead, aid and accompany us in it. By acceding to her proposition, we . . . bring her mighty weight into the scale of free government and emancipate at one stroke a continent which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. . . .

The question presented by the letter you have sent me is the most momentous that has ever been offered to my contemplation since that of independence. That made us a nation, this sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us. . . . Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one or of all on earth; and with her on our side we

need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship.

These passages from original documents indicate sufficiently, I think, Britain's part in the Monroe Doctrine.

NORMAN ANGELL

New York City.

DEMOCRACY IN THE ARMY

SIR: You are to be congratulated on your courage in printing such an article as the one in the July [1946] issue, titled, "Armies Can't Be Democratic" [by Bruce Bliven, Jr.]. Of all the recent and not so recent articles I've seen and read, this was the most fair, sane, and the most sensible piece I've seen anywhere, and it comes at the proper time when the hue and cry of enlisted men about the "unfairness" of officers is at its peak.

Having served myself as an enlisted man and an officer (eighteen years before the war and five during the war), this subject was something very close to me. About 99 per cent of the gripes one hears and reads about, coming from ex-service men and officers too, blame the "brass" for all the mistakes made, etc., *ad nauseam*. One would think from these gripes that none of the millions of enlisted men ever made any mistakes, that they were perfect. The record, of course, does not bear this out by any means.

For every so-called "brass-hat" there were thousands, perhaps hundreds of thousands of non-brass (depending on what you consider "brass") so for every mistake a "brass" made, the mistakes of the non-brass went up proportionately. My experiences showed me that the non-brass was just as fallible as anybody else, and judging too from all the reports I've seen lately, and the things I've seen myself, anent "the atrocious behavior of our Army and Navy men" in the occupied countries, and here at home, my statement is borne out.

Gripping always increases when people are forced to do something against their will. We did not *want* war. The gripers seem to indicate that they blame the officers for the war. . . .

An analysis of many gripes over a period of years seems to prove that most of the gripes were born of the individual's own selfishness, the inability to understand his responsibility to the community, the state, and the country.

All these things must be taken into account in evaluating the gripes from ex-officers and ex-enlisted men and women, if an honest opinion

is to be the result. It is believed that the average American possesses the intelligence to view most of the gripes broad-mindedly and the reasons therefor. . . .

F. L. HOWER

Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR: I feel impelled to take issue with the argument made by Bruce Bliven, Jr. in his article, "Armies Can't Be Democratic." It is evident that this gentleman suffers from one of the defects of the military mind — the belief that if you assert something with sufficient self-assurance and authority that it automatically becomes true.

He bases his arguments on the assumption that the caste system is necessary to discipline, that enlisted men won't recognize officers' authority unless the officers act like snobs, that the enlisted men actually believe that officers are necessarily superior human beings. Mr. Bliven talks of the necessity of "drill in the doctrine that officers are . . . infallible beings . . . a falsehood which needs bolstering by symbols and ritual." This incredibly absurd idea would make sense only if the enlisted men were suckers enough to believe it, and I can testify from experience and from talks with other GIs that practically nobody does, in battle or out. Soldiers obey their superiors, commissioned or non-commissioned, partly because of the fear of the consequences of not obeying, partly because they are part of a team, and they realize that they must work together or lose the battle and eventually the war. Ideas about the superior qualities of "officers and gentlemen" have nothing to do with it.

Army apologists are continually asserting that officers would lose the respect of their men if they acted more like human beings and less like imitation gods. Maybe according to Army rules and regulations that is supposed to be true, but I know that I never felt that way about it and found very few others who did. I served thirty-eight months in the Army under conditions varying from garrison life in the States to detached service in the combat zone with a platoon having only one officer, and I know that I had the most respect for, and gave the most willing obedience to, those officers who acted the friendliest (I don't mean the meekest) and dropped that "better than thou" attitude.

Where Mr. Bliven's argument is weakest is in his statement that "to minimize confusion it [the Army] insists on sharp distinctions between those who give orders and those who receive orders, and keeps the two groups separate." That

simply isn't true because if it were the biggest distinction of all would be between sergeants and privates. The bulk of the orders in the Army are given by sergeants to privates, regardless of where they originate, and if familiarity breeds contempt then discipline in the American Army would not merely have been capable of improvement, it would have been all shot to hell. It wasn't and the reason it wasn't does not lie in any mystic faith in the infallibility of the brass.

And why just two groups? Everybody from a corporal on up gives orders. Generals give orders which are obeyed by lieutenants, yet that does not keep them from sitting at the same table, if they happen to be friends. Why this one, single sheep-and-goats line between master sergeants and warrant officers?

I can tell you a lot more clearly than ex-officer Bliven. It is a way of thinking which is traditional with the Army and Navy. They inherited it from the British, who got it from the Prussians, who got it from the Dark Ages of Europe, when society was divided into aristocrats and peasants, and the former were very particular about keeping the latter in their place. The services, being very tradition-minded, believe in doing things the way grandpappy did them, regardless of whether or not it makes sense. Besides, it's very flattering to the officers' ego for enlisted men to adopt a subservient, overly respectful attitude. They like it for the same reason that a white Southerner likes for Negroes to adopt a "yassuh, bossman" attitude.

The caste system in the services is necessary or desirable *only* if we assume that all soldiers are stupid, unreliable, incapable of loyalty to their comrades and country, and simple-minded enough to believe anything they are told. A few soldiers in our army are like that. Most are not.

R. RIDDLE

Denver, Colo.

THE NAVY QUESTION

SIR: I read with dismay Professor Leach's recent diatribe against our sea power in an article titled "The Stupidity of a Big Navy" [May 1946]. I remain unconvinced by his effort for two main reasons. First of all, his style has all the earmarks of sensational writing and should on that account alone be read for amusement and not enlightenment. Secondly, I am not aware of the extent of Professor Leach's studies in naval matters, but as a serious observer of such things, I challenge the facts and conclusions he presents.

Let me quote one of his more lurid statements: "[To maintain the postwar Navy] we are being

asked to skim the cream off our standard of living." It is an expression one would hardly expect from a professor of law at Harvard. Let us review his facts and conclusions of his argument. He would have us believe that the British Navy will be reduced to a sensible level, i.e., its size as of 1939. Simple arithmetic would show the Royal Navy, according to present plans, to be proportionately much stronger in 1946 than it was in the heyday of Germany, Italy and Japan. But if we assume for the moment that Prof. Leach is correct as to the size of the Royal Navy, why should we assume, also, that the British have hit upon the correct size of their Navy, something they have rarely, if ever, been able to do? Then I noticed the important omission of the French Navy in Prof. Leach's summary of world naval powers. This is an unfortunate omission but not as important as Prof. Leach's cursory dismissal of the Soviet Navy as old and weak. He failed to mention, in reviewing the composition of that force, the remarkable new Russian cruisers comparable to those in any navy. I wonder if he is aware of the new designs in Russian destroyers? Is he aware of the existence of eleven naval colleges in the USSR? Is he aware of recent statements by Soviet officials which express the hope that the Red Navy will soon be equal to that of the Western powers? Apparently not, for he mentions none of these. Prof. Leach constantly refers to our prewar navy as a suitable yardstick against which the size of our postwar fleet might be measured. Does anyone, except Prof. Leach, still think our 1941 Navy was of sufficient strength? Had it been twice as big we might never have been in a war.

When one considers that our active, postwar fleets will have four battleships, twelve large carriers and twenty-eight cruisers plus a reserve fleet for training and an inactive one as a reservoir of strength, I do not think our Navy could be called "big." I do consider it an unparalleled and dangerous reduction from war strength at a time when the peace of the world is none too certain.

Prof. Leach then asks us in the interest of economy to reduce our Navy. In the interest of economy we also reduced the power of Guam, Wake and Hawaii. Remember? In the long run, did we save anything? Let's stop thinking about March 15th and remember December 7th. . . .

Let us remember that it is the security of the United States with which we are concerned — not the size of the Army, Navy and Air Force. When we decide how the security of our nation is to be gained, then and then only will the size of

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our forces be determined. The solution to this grave problem will be found in clear, unbiased thinking. Prof. Leach has not helped us to arrive at such a solution.

MELVIN A. CONANT, JR.

New York City

IN DEFENSE OF WEST POINT

SIR: Arthur E. Morgan's "Conscription and the West Point Mind," in THE AMERICAN MERCURY of February 1946, is to me, as it must appear to all graduates of West Point, an utterly incomprehensible and thoroughly unprovoked attack upon one of the greatest educational institutions of America and the finest military school in the world. It is a complete mystery to us how a writer like Morgan — presumably a prominent educator and engineer — can make statements which contain neither truth nor logical conclusion, and then have them published. . . .

Dr. Morgan's arguments against conscription are perfectly proper and it is not the purpose of this letter to argue these points. Freedom of speech in this country gives anyone the right to air his views unless the interests of national security preclude them. During wartime, of course, this article would not have been published. Now that peace is here, it appears fashionable to smear the service and its leaders (who, incidentally, won the war). . . . In the following paragraphs I propose to discuss at length some of the statements from Morgan's article, which I know from personal experience are grossly unfair to West Point and . . . one of the most honorable of professions — the profession of arms. The views expressed herein are of course my own, and not those of the Army or any organization.

The article states that "few Americans realize what medieval, coercive indoctrination of young minds goes on at the Academy." For this I say, thank God only a few are ignorant enough to entertain such thoughts. As a 1937 graduate of the Academy I certainly have never felt that my young mind was subjected to medieval, coercive indoctrination. No doubt the writer is familiar with the curriculum of subjects taught at West Point and the method of insuring that each cadet recite in every subject every day. Can that be called medieval, coercive indoctrination? What university in the country could possibly instruct its students more thoroughly in more varied subjects than West Point? . . .

In his article, Morgan quotes what he describes as an "outstanding, independent-minded graduate and former instructor, Colonel T. Bentley Mott." Colonel Mott, for his article published ten years ago in *Harper's Magazine*, is known to us former cadets as a graduate but certainly not as a

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friend or a brother-in-arms. His criticism of West Point, like the present one, made grossly unfair statements. . . .

Dr. Morgan's own article states, quoting another writer, that "nearly all textbooks have been written by West Point men. They are taken as the only and final authority in their fields, and to question their authority is a breach of discipline." Those textbooks were written after careful study of all available books on the subject, and they are especially abridged in order to give the cadets the best possible instruction in the time available. . . .

Here is another quotation: "There is a rigid, anti-democratic stratification of rank, with no courtesy to inferiors. Under this discipline according to one who knows, nervous disorder appears more frequently than any other except respiratory trouble." Of course, Morgan does not directly accuse West Point of fostering such discipline, but the implication is there. He implies that we should have a democratic army, with possibly officers and men living together as one happy family. Does Morgan know that the thing called discipline, which the "stratification of rank" helps to obtain, is the factor which distinguishes a fighting army from an undisciplined mob? Does Morgan remember the history of the Russian Army in 1917, or the more recent debacle of the Russo-Finnish War of 1939? "No courtesies to inferiors," indeed! Ask any of my own subordinates; or ask anyone who has served under a West Pointer. Furthermore, my classmates and I succeeded in enduring those four years at West Point without exhibiting any noticeable symptoms of nervous disorder; and in my nine years of commissioned service, as commanding officer of squadrons and air bases, I have yet to see any evidence whatsoever to support this entire statement.

Dr. Morgan mentions the extreme isolation of West Point, where "in such an environment the spirit of the young cadet is broken and his mind is deeply indoctrinated." Does he know that cadets receive numberless visitors at West Point on every weekend of the year; that they are taken on football trips, educational tours, military hikes, visits to army posts and other installations many times throughout their stay at the Academy and, in addition, are given numerous leaves of absence? As cadets, my classmates and I felt no undue restriction and most certainly were not aware that our spirits were being crushed. What, may I ask, is wrong with the spirits of Doc Blanchard, Glenn Davis & Co.? . . .

H. C. DORNEY
Colonel, Air Corps

Seymour, Ind.



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